# PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

DECEMBER 50 cents

THIRD ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

PLAYBOY

BEAUMONT

# PLAYBILL

SLATER

MOREHOUSE

GIBBS

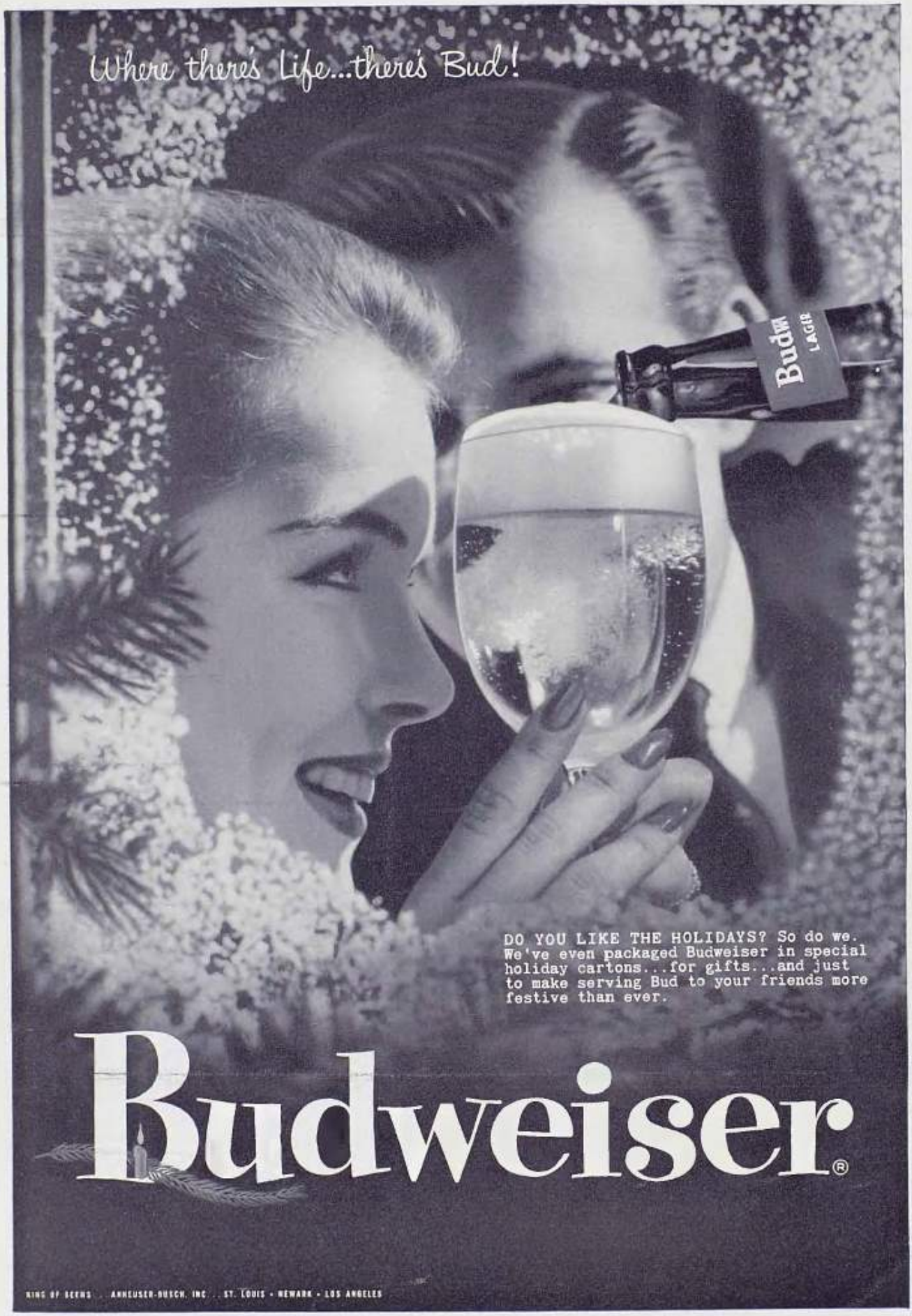
OUR THIRD ANNIVERSARY has arrived rather unexpectedly. The three years since we began publishing PLAYBOY must all be counted as phenomenal, but this past 12 months has left us rather numbed and the twelfth issue of the third volume was being readied for the printer almost before we realized it. We are printing over 1,100,000 copies of this Anniversary Issue and that is just one of the high points of the year, for it makes PLAYBOY the largest selling urban men's magazine in America. On newsstands, where the real popularity of a publication can be gauged, PLAYBOY outsells its closest competitor by over a quarter of a million copies a month. In the last dozen months, PLAYBOY has also become America's most imitated magazine: at last count, there were 14 not too reasonable facsimiles on the stands with another two or three being added each month.

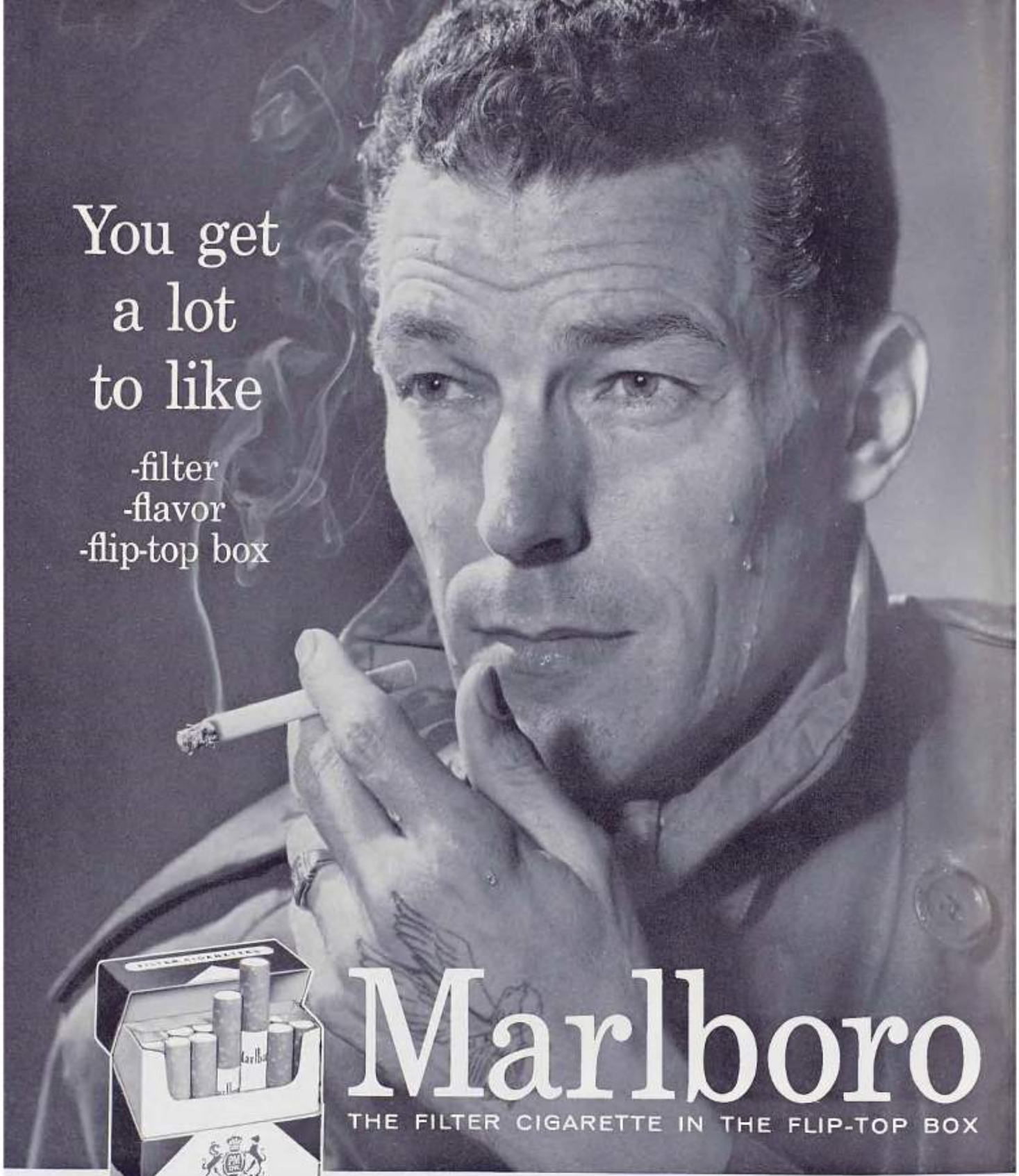
Just as satisfying — indeed, a bit more so — has been the continual development of the magazine itself: while PLAYBOY's photography, art and design were winning awards and certificates of merit in various exhibitions (as we observed immodestly in the August *Playbill*), readers were treated to first-rate original fiction and articles by such top writers as Alberto Moravia, Evelyn Waugh, Ray Bradbury, Charles Beaumont, Philip Wylie, P. G. Wodehouse, Herbert Gold, John Lardner, James Jones, Erskine Caldwell and Adrian Conan Doyle. PLAYBOY acquired author-editor A. C. Spectorsky as a full time member of its staff and a host of other new editorial staff additions will be announced next month. New features have been added, more pages, more color. Even the Playmates are getting prettier and more provocative. PLAYBOY launched its first annual all-star jazz poll and this month the staff is moving into its own handsome, air-conditioned PLAYBOY Building, with the most modern offices in Chicago, including a private photographic studio, darkroom, theatre, projection and conference rooms, an electronic entertainment wall like that featured in PLAYBOY's penthouse apartment and a special test kitchen and bar.

By way of celebration, this December issue is brimming with good things. Such as the deluxe, comprehensive take-out on Broadway that occupies six of our pages; colorful photos of the shows involved costume reports on the seasons just past and beginning, written especially for PLAYBOY by Wolcott Gibbs and Ward Morehouse. Mr. Gibbs, of course, is the ace drama critic of *The New Yorker* and author of the successful comedy, *Season in the Sun*; while Mr. Morehouse has written a whole clutch of theatre books, including the biography of George M. Cohan, is a regular contributor to *Theatre Arts* magazine and was, for 23 years, man-about-the-stage for the *New York Sun*. A dazzling show that never got to Broadway adds a certain *nous ne savons quoi* to the spread.

Remember Charles Beaumont's *The Hunger*, in the PLAYBOY of April, 1955? It was a story of a woman who subconsciously yearned for love and finally went out to meet it in the form of a sex-killer. Of his story in this issue, *The Dark Music*, a friend of Beaumont's said: "It might be called one side of a coin, of which *The Hunger* is the other." It was an apt remark, for in *The Dark Music* Beaumont tells of another woman who yearns for love — although she never admits it to herself and is punished for her hypocrisy. Additional fiction this issue is proffered by newcomer Robert Slater with *The Bitch in Heat*, a sly study of the predatory female animal, and Henry Gregor Felsen, who has fun with his satirical story of *The Hundred Dollar Suicide*. Speaking of satire, cartoonist Shel Silverstein swaps his pen for a typewriter this month and pokes fun at the rise and fall of the noble button; he has also given a shot in the arm to some grand old etchings by simply adding captions dredged from the delightful depths of his imagination.

The Santa season has by no means been neglected in this December issue. Ray Russell, PLAYBOY's poet laureate, has dashed off some Christmas cards suitable for mailing to those special friends and foes (they've been handsomely illustrated by a quintet of PLAYBOY cartoonists); hot stuff is ladled out by Thomas Mario in his article on steamy seasonal swigging; our old friend Guy de Maupassant is represented by a Ribald Classic called *The Christmas Eve Supper*; and, for the reader harassed by last minute gift problems, there's a healthy cluster of colorful giveables pictorially suggested on pages 53 through 57. When you're toasting the Yule with a cup of Mario brew, we won't mind one bit if you signalize PLAYBOY's third anniversary at the same time. Here's to us . . . and that includes you, of course.


Where there's Life...there's Bud!
Budw
LAGER
DO YOU LIKE THE HOLIDAYS? So do we. We've even packaged Budweiser in special holiday cartons...for gifts...and just to make serving Bud to your friends more festive than ever.
Budweiser®
KING OF BEERS . ANHEUSER-BUSCH, INC. . ST. LOUIS • NEWARK • LOS ANGELES




# Marlboro

THE FILTER CIGARETTE IN THE FLIP-TOP BOX

NEW
FLIP-TOP BOX

Firm to keep cigarettes from crushing. No tobacco in your pocket.

POPULAR
FILTER PRICE

This Marlboro is a lot of cigarette. The easy-drawing filter feels right in your mouth. It works but doesn't get in the way. You get the man-size flavor of honest tobacco. The Flip-Top Box keeps every cigarette in good shape and you don't pay extra for it.

(MADE IN RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, FROM A NEW MARLBORO RECIPE)

# DEAR PLAYBOY

ADDRESS PLAYBOY MAGAZINE • 11 E. SUPERIOR ST., CHICAGO 11, ILLINOIS

## MUSIC CRITIC

I have been reading your magazine for almost two solid years. It's great.

When you started making your opinion on records known, I kind of thought (being in the music business) I might be able to guide myself from your reviews.

Where do you pick up these things you attempt to review? The only record in the August issue that might be worth stocking is *The Modern Jazz Sextet.*

Why not list whether it's bad or good fidelity as well as music?

We both agree that Mel Tormé has a great voice, but how about reviews of Frank Sinatra's *Songs for Swingin' Lovers, Oklahoma,* from the original sound track, Julie London doing *Lonely Girl.*

If you're going to attempt to pass judgment, work with some of the better class of material instead of mostly jazz. A good playboy sure wouldn't put Chico Hamilton on the hi-fi if he had a nice playmate by his side.

Barringer's Lakepointe Music House
Grosse Pointe, Michigan

*We recommended Sinatra's* Swingin' Lovers *in the May issue and Julie London's* Lonely Girl *in September; we doubt that the* Oklahoma *sound track will help you cuddle that playmate unless she's the rancher's daughter and we really can't recommend it on much of any other level either.*

## YOU CAN'T HAVE THEM ALL

Beaumont's *You Can't Have Them All* (August issue) doesn't mesh. In this sorry little farce, this Simms character had approximately one year in which to engage 563 women; there's no indication that he engaged more than two in any one day (and they appear to be rabbit-like engagements); yet by the time he gets to his last date and tapes her as 43-25-36, he's worn himself down from a superior 190 pound specimen to a 114 pound wretch, quite literally ready for the grave.

The Kinsey Report contains the history of one three-legged male whose sex activity over a period of 30 years averaged 30 engagements per week, or 1,560 per year, and notes no apparent harmful effects.

I think there are plenty of men with healthy sex appetites who could handle 500 or 600 beautiful women in the course of a year and not suffer in the slightest.

Anthony Adams
Los Angeles, California

*There are certainly plenty who would be willing to try. Simms' troubles started when sex became such an obsession that he was spending time in the search when he should have been eating and sleeping. There's a lot of difference between a large number of relations with relatively few participants and Simms' systematic tracking down and seducing 563 different women.*

## LINCOLN CARTOON

While reading the August issue of PLAYBOY, we were astounded at the repugnant cartoon about Abraham Lincoln. In our opinion, this is a slap in the face of Mr. Lincoln and degrading to American democracy. Never, in all our many years of reading and enjoying cartoons in magazines, have we run across a cartoon with less humor than this one. This one was simply disgusting, degrading, idiotic and downright ridiculous. It seems to us that this is the type of cartoon that would be created by subversive elements. We don't believe that a good American would ever see any humor in a "joke" of this type.

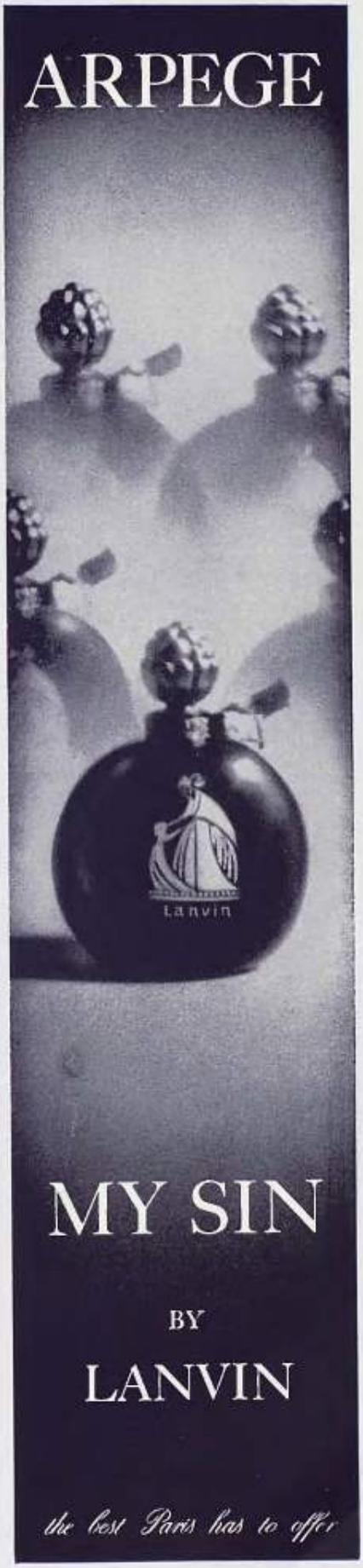
W. Rosen, R. Reiser, V. Deloe,
J. N. Whipkey, Paul J. Malinavic,
R. Scopel, M. J. Toia, J. Klems,
N. Trimble, D. Bittner, D. Brown,
D. B. Hoover and E. Angeline
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Your cartoon on Lincoln (August issue) was in extreme bad taste.

Fred J. Riley
Chicago, Illinois

I viewed with much amusement the excellent Lincoln cartoon which appeared in your August issue. I think it one of the cleverest Lincoln cartoons I

**PLAYBOY.** December, 1956, Vol. 3, No. 12. Playboy is published monthly by HMH Publishing Co., Inc., 11 E. Superior St., Chicago 11, Illinois. In the U.S., its possessions and Canada, subscriptions are $12 for three years; $10 for two years; $6 for one year; elsewhere, add $3 per year to cover foreign postage. Please allow three weeks for entering new subscriptions, renewals and for change of address. Entered as second class matter August 5, 1955, at the post office at Chicago, Illinois, under the act of March 3, 1879. Printed in U.S.A. Contents copyrighted© 1956 by HMH Publishing Co., Inc.



BOTTLED AND PACKAGED IN FRANCE

We love plunging necklines

...but not on men!

**Allen-A Atlastic® T-Shirt**
**keeps trim fit for life of garment!**

Live rubber is the secret! Allen-A's Atlastic T-shirt has live rubber in the neckband and shoulder seam.

**Matching briefs** have live rubber in waistband, leg openings and fly. The most comfortable underwear you can buy! Complete freedom of movement, yet a smooth, neat fit at all times. Won't lose resilience in laundering.

Live rubber at shoulder and collar seams! Knit-with-NYLON collar!
Action-fit brief. No sagging, no bagging! Live rubber at vital points!

Allen A Atlastic® underwear

THE ALLEN-A COMPANY
PIQUA, OHIO
*Made by the makers of*
INSULAIRE® THERMAL UNDERWEAR

*Trade Mark

have ever seen and a most excellent bit of art work—most faithful to the subject and the setting.

I wonder if the artist was aware of Lincoln's statement to Noah Brooks:

> "In the excitement of the moment I am sure to say something which I am sorry for when I see it in print. So I have it here in black and white, and there are no mistakes made. People attach too much importance to what I say anyhow."

Lincoln was a most careful writer. He weighed the value of every word and phrase. He must have prepared the opening of the Gettysburg Address very carefully. We know he wrote it out at least twice before delivering it.

We would love to have permission to reproduce the cartoon in the February, 1957 issue of our Civil War Book Club *Review*.

Ralph G. Newman
Abraham Lincoln Book Shop
Chicago, Illinois

## DEATH OF PAINTING

Evelyn Waugh is full of ————. To all sensitive people, *good* modern art has no communication problem.

Bard Saunders
Red Bluff, California

I would like to congratulate you on the apt title of your magazine. It surely is for *boys* who don't want to grow up, but prefer to remain in an adolescent Never-Never land where all that is required of them is to play games.

One of the few articles that was not directed toward these child-adults was Evelyn Waugh's *The Death of Painting* —about the only worthwhile material in your last issue.

M. J. Franco
Boston, Massachusetts

*M. J., you sound like a woman—and one who has been disappointed in love, at that.*

The article, *The Death of Painting*, by Evelyn Waugh, is what we need more of. We rarely find critical writing of this caliber in an American magazine. Most artistic and literary criticism in America is merely the propaganda of cliques and claques and has reached such a jejune level that the more intelligent sort of Americans no longer either read or write it.

PLAYBOY performs a real public service in bringing us Evelyn Waugh. The intelligent American wants to know about these things, but he is so revolted by the sort of pap usually published about these subjects that he soon gives up.

Morris Horton
Houston, Texas

The Party Jokes for August were as pert as usual, except for that oldie by a guy named Evelyn Waugh. Is it too late to save the five bucks?

No room here to go into the tonal range of photographic emulsions, as against the range of human visual perception. That should have been his job anyway. Might indulge a line on what we call "sentimental" vision though. It is that warped aspect of a man which, having had the God-given brilliance siphoned out of him by baser authority, permeates his vision like acid. Under its distortion a farmer, for instance, can ignore the basic emotional impact of form, line, color and composition and buy any work of art—providing it depicts a cow.

Mr. Waugh will have to commune with a five-year-old to enlighten himself on the meaning of "pure" vision.

There is another abstract form, appreciation of which has not yet been siphoned away by such as he—music. Now, if friend Waugh could only develop a clarinet which, in the interests of verisimilitude, might emit our refined gutturals and sibilants . . . think of the potential. Instead of answering to the present crude stimulant, basic music, Mr. Goodman might well bleat out, through the improved instrument, "Arise now, folks, and place your left foot on your partner's neck, for, as any fool can tell, we are about to indulge in a fox trot . . ."

Beaven Plant
Sterling, Massachusetts

## TURNABOUT PLAYMATE

My husband is a camera bug
I've posed for him extensively;
And further still to please the lug,
I'm sending this for you to see.

He says I'd make a good Playmate
And this I'd love to be.
So would you like to make a date
To see the other side of me?

Barbara Starr
Allendale, New Jersey

*Sure.*

## ELLA AND BILLIE

I don't know who reviews your records, but you *ought* to get someone like Barry Ulanov, Leonard Feather, Nat Hentoff or Bill Coss, because anyone who writes about a Billie Holiday LP *(Music for Torching)* being not quite "it" and then raves about Ella Fitzgerald's LP of Cole Porter is *sad*. Ella has done better; this isn't the jazz Ella, it's the pop Ella. And

# A SENSATIONAL NEW OFFER FROM THE COLUMBIA (LP) RECORD CLUB

# Free... Any 3

## OF THESE SUPERB HIGH-FIDELITY 12" COLUMBIA (LP) RECORDS

**If you join the Columbia (LP) Record Club now—and agree to accept as few as 4 selections during the coming 12 months**

YES! You may have, FREE, ANY 3 of these best-selling 12" Columbia (LP) records. We make this unique offer to introduce you to the money-saving program of the Columbia (LP) Record Club . . . a program that selects for you each month the greatest works in every field of music—performed by the worlds finest artists and brilliantly reproduced on Columbia (LP) records.

### HOW THE CLUB OPERATES

To enjoy the benefits of the Club's program and to receive your 3 records free—mail the coupon, indicating which of the four Club divisions best suits your musical taste: Classical; Jazz; Listening and Dancing; Broadway, Movies, Television and Musical Comedies.

Each month you will receive free the Club Magazine which describes the current selections in all four divisions. You may accept or reject the monthly selection for your division. You may also take records from the other Club divisions. This unique advantage assures you the widest possible choice of recorded entertainment Or you may tell us to send you NO record in any month. Your only obligation is to accept as few as 4 selections from the almost 100 that will be offered during the next 12 months, and you may cancel membership at any time thereafter. The records you want are mailed and billed to you at only $3.98 plus a small mailing charge.

### FREE BONUS RECORDS GIVEN REGULARLY

The 3 records sent to you now represent an "advance" of the Club's bonus system—given to you at once. After you have fulfilled your membership obligation by purchasing four records, you will receive an additional free Bonus record of your choice for every two additional Club selections you accept. Bonus records are superb 12" Columbia (LP) records—the very best of the world-famous Columbia (LP) catalog—just like those shown here. Because you are given a Columbia (LP) record free for each two records you purchase from the Club, your membership provides the best buy in records—anywhere.

Indicate on the coupon which 3 records you want free, and the division you prefer. Then mail the coupon at once. You must be delighted with membership or you may cancel without obligation by returning the free records within 10 days.

**COLUMBIA (LP) RECORD CLUB**
**165 West 46th Street, New York 36, N. Y.**

® "Columbia" (LP): Marcas Reg.

## MAIL ENTIRE COUPON NOW!

**COLUMBIA (LP) RECORD CLUB,**
**Dept. 656 165 West 46th St.,**
**New York 36, N. Y.**

Please send me as my FREE gift the 3 records indicated here: (Select the records you want by checking the 3 boxes in the list at the right)
. . . and enroll me in the following Division of the Club:

**(check one box only)**

☐ **Classical** ☐ **Listening and Dancing**

☐ **Broadway, Movies, Television and Musical Comedies** ☐ **Jazz**

Each month you will send me the Columbia (LP) Record Club Magazine which describes the records offered in all four Club divisions. I have the privilege of accepting the monthly selection in the division checked above, or any other selection described, or none at all. My only obligation is to accept a minimum of four records in the next 12 months at the regular list price plus a small mailing charge. After accepting 4 records, I will receive a free Bonus record for every two additional records I purchase. If not delighted with membership, I may cancel within 10 days by returning all records.

Name.....
(Please Print)

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

*CANADA: Prices slightly higher. Address 11-13 Soho St., Toronto 2B*

If you wish to have this membership credited to an established Columbia Records dealer, authorized to accept subscriptions, please fill in the dealer's name and address also.

Dealer's Name.....

Dealer's Address.....33A

### CHECK THE 3 RECORDS YOU WANT:

☐ **Tchaikovsky: Nutcracker Suite; The Sleeping Beauty Ballet**
Philadelphia Orchestra, Ormandy, cond.

☐ **The Voice**
Frank Sinatra in 12 songs that first made him famous — *Lover, Fools Rush In,* etc.

☐ **King of Swing; Vol. 1**
Benny Goodmann and Original Orch., Trio Quartet. *Riding High, Moonglow*—8 more.

☐ **My Fair Lady**
Percy Faith and his Orchestra play music from this hit show.

☐ **Brahms: Double Concerto; Variations on a Theme by Haydn; Tragic Overture**
Stern, violin; Rose, 'cello; N. Y. Philharmonic, Walter, cond.

☐ **Songs from Walt Disney's Magic Kingdom**
12 happy songs from famous Disney films.

☐ **Jazz: Red Hot & Cool**
Dave Brubeck Quartet in *Love Walked In, The Duke*—5 more.

☐ **Levant Plays Gershwin**
3 works—Rhapsody In Blue; Concerto in F; An American in Paris.

☐ **Saturday Night Mood**
Dance music by 12 bands—Jimmy Dorsey, Sammy Kaye, etc.

☐ **Ports of Call**
Philadelphia Orchestra, Ormandy, conductor. 6 popular works—*Bolero, Espana, Pavane, Escales,* etc.

☐ **Music of Jerome Kern**
Andre Kostelanetz and his Orchestra play 20 Kern favorites.

☐ **Ambassador Satch**
European Concert Recordings by the great Louis Armstrong and his All-Stars.

Imported from France

BALENCIAGA

PARFUMS
PARIS

745 Fifth Ave., New York • Paris

in any case, Billie can fly higher than Miss Music, for she is surely Queen Jazz. Compare, if you will, *I Get a Kick Out of You* by both Ella and Billie and then tell me Ella is greater. Listen to *What's New?* by Billie in her latest LP and tell me *anyone* is greater! If you do, you know nothing about music. Why? Because the four gentlemen I mentioned above are the top jazz critics in the country and they all say Billie is the greatest.

Gene Chrono
Los Angeles, Calif.

*In the most recent* Down Beat *Critics Poll, Ulanov chose Ella as his favorite female jazz vocalist; Coss chose Billie; Hentoff chose both; Feather did not vote in that category. Ella came in first with the jazz critics; Billie second. We love 'em both.*

## PENTHOUSE APARTMENT

We have just finished reading the article on the PLAYBOY Penthouse Apartment in your September issue. You have outdone yourselves. We cannot begin to describe the excitement we feel. All we know is that we wish to *do* something about it.

We have long dreamed of building such an apartment. Please send us more information before we burst with excitement. Who was the architect who designed it? Has this apartment ever been built and if so, where is it located? We are serious about wishing to duplicate this in Atlanta as soon as possible.

Edward Porter, Director
Massey Business College
Atlanta, Georgia

PLAYBOY's *Penthouse Apartment was designed by J. E. Tucker. It presently exists only within the pages of the magazine, but we would certainly be pleased to see it actually built. All of the design ideas in the feature may be used or adapted by* PLAYBOY's *readers.*

I'm enjoying your September issue, but I've just come across a rather serious oversight in your article on the PLAYBOY Penthouse Apartment. I'm afraid that the audience viewing stereo slides on the crystal-beaded screen which lines the back of the fireplace painting will get cross-eyed trying to unscramble the images. They will enjoy a more satisfactory picture if they employ instead an aluminum-coated screen. The nearly specular reflection from the aluminum surface preserves the respective polarizations of the images proceeding from each lens of the stereo projector, whereas multiple scattering from the beads of a crystal-beaded screen destroys the polarizations.

Edwin D. Harris
Brookhaven National Laboratory
Upton, L. I., New York

My husband and I are extremely excited over your September issue: the PLAYBOY Penthouse Apartment is just fabulous. There are so many ideas shown that I would like to use in our own home of the future.

Mrs. J. Paisley
Panama City, Florida

I am very much interested in some of the equipment listed in the Penthouse Apartment which appears in the September issue of PLAYBOY. Could you please direct me to the proper source of information concerning the ultrasonic dishwasher, as well as the radiantly-heated oven and induction heating stove?

C. Parsons, Consul General
Republic of Panama
Manila, Philippines

*Further information is available on these experimental kitchen appliances by writing Mr. Ira G. Hawk, Frigidaire's Kitchen of Tomorrow, Frigidaire Division of General Motors, Dayton 1, Ohio.*

Now we have reached the ultra-ultimate in automation: even the gentle art of wooing-with-a-purpose requires a mess of electronic gadgetry to carry off the *coup* successfully. Gad! Do we gotta have all that junk? Put the bar close and handy, sure, but let's keep in mind our Casanova might well confine his engineering to the fair young doll—who, we assume, enjoys his attentions uninterrupted by mysterious automatic light controls and eerily buzzing phone-recording equipment. Or maybe our boy figures he'll bowl her over simply by displaying his ingenuity and impressive wealth. (The furnishings in this little joint must have run close to the cost of a comfortable six room house; add to this a fabulous rental and lavish tastes in food, beverages, cars and girls—the guy either engraves his own green stuff or he's v.p. of Profits, Inc. In any case, you'd better get the "L" out of there and call him PAYBOY—because this he does beautifully.)

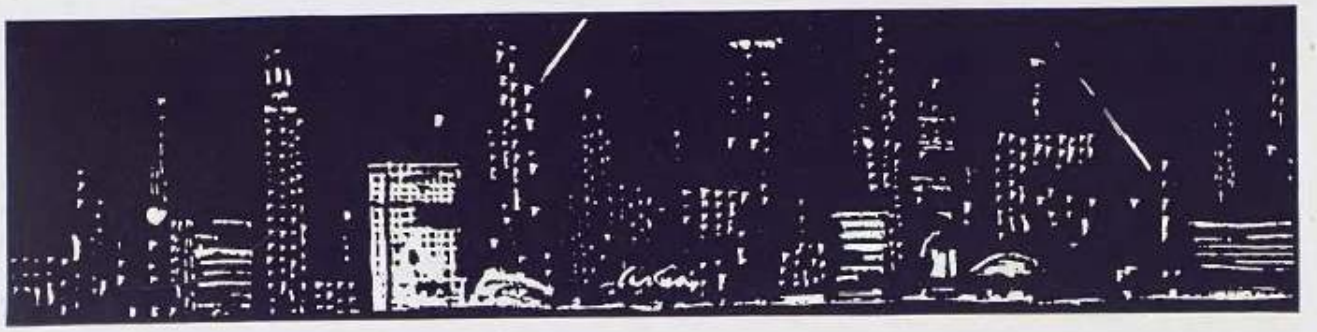
Well, if we're going to dream, there's no point in pinching the copper coin. Do it up brown. But in the face of cold, everyday reality, it's still the same old Personality, Pulchritude and Persuasiveness that makes the score, not an apartment wired for love.

D. H. Axman
Stratford, Connecticut

I am completely intrigued by the gold penthouse key bearing the PLAYBOY symbol on the opening page of your Penthouse Apartment article. I am hoping you are considering reproducing them in the future. I can't think of a more engaging gift . . . for the right person.

Jean Potter
Hermosa Beach, California

# PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



## records

Though conscientious commissars, in their zeal to impregnate the arts with "collective realism," have succeeded in sterilizing Soviet painting and writing, one grand old girl has survived repeated brainwashings. Her name: Calliope, Muse of Music. Some of the most sonorous sounds in modern music have rolled out of the U.S.S.R.—adventurous, clean-limbed works by Prokofiev, Shostakovich, Kabalevsky, Khachaturian . . . the tongue-torturing list just won't stop. Gone, happily, are the days right after the revolution when composers like Mossolov and Meytuss were writing such symphonic noise as *The Steel Foundry* and *The Dnieper Water Power Station*—writhing, deafening odes to industry and construction. After the first fevered flush of "descriptive" composing, Soviet music-makers have settled down to make music that sounds like music. Here in the U.S. of A., a Soviet outlet called Colosseum Records is pressing a number of compositions hitherto unheard in our country, with artists like David Oistrakh and Emil Gilels. A recent, typical offering is Ivan-come-lately Arno Babadjanian's *Trio in F Sharp Minor* (Colosseum 247), a brooding, aromatic thing starring Oistrakh and friends sawing away with authority and love. But this blessing is mixed: Colosseum's platters are of capricious fidelity, usually ranging from middling to muddy with occasional excursions into excellence; surface noise frequently fries away unchecked, a nostalgic reminder of the shellacked days of yore; and the liner notes abound with misinformation and propaganda. The propaganda (*i.e.*, eight irrelevant paragraphs extolling Mo-cow's Bolshoi Theatre) can be ignored, but when a trio by "Mendelsshon" (*sic*) is labelled "American premiere" although at least two other recordings pre-date it, the poor, trusting record-buyer becomes a confused and screwed-up lad. That lad might conceivably be solaced, however, by such entertaining prose as this, by Bruno G. Romy, president of the firm and perhaps the outstanding dialect humorist of our day: "David Oistrakh by now and Colosseum Records are connected inseparably, for besides that Colosseum Records introduced him in a big way to our public, it is still and always will be the only company which has in its catalog the complete recorded repertory of this great genius of our time. (Up till date, 28 LP's.) Colosseum is proud of this and believes that it deserves the right consideration and credit for it, for it went through all kinds of difficulties at the beginning when others didn't see it or slept, to bring something which will enrich our cultural heritage." Bruno, you break our heart. You want credit? Here: take it. But take also a bit of friendly advice: you'll enrich our cultural heritage a damn sight more without the low-fi and groove-sizzle.

Nice to have around of a cold winter's eve is Vic Damone, a real warm baritone voice that goes well with a roaring fire and a couple of big brandy snifters. Even though he might phrase as innocently as a choir boy, Vic's mellow pipes still manage to raise a lot of cain with female thyroids, especially on the super-romantic *That Towering Feeling!* (Columbia CL 900). It's resplendent with dreamy love tunes (*All the Things You Are, I'm Glad There is You*) and some up-tempo cuties (*The Song is You, Cheek to Cheek*) that should convince her that the weather outside is frightful, etc. . . . Two of Lady Day's latest should go a long way toward the same noble end: *Solitude* (Clef 690) and *Velvet Mood* (Clef 713) are both bubbling with Billie's velvet squeals and catches as she talks you one pretty lyric after another. Tootling in the background are such sterling souls as Harry Edison, Barney Kessel, Flip Phillips, *et al.* . . . *The Misty Miss Christy* (Capitol T725) spotlights June as just that, gentle and tasty and real easy-sounding in her interpretations of a packet of terrific tunes: *That's All, I Didn't Know About You, 'Round Midnight*, among others. Tender fare for nightcap tippling.

*Cuban Fire* (Capitol T731) is the latest Kenton excursion into the wilds of Afro-Cuba, and this one contains everything from a *guaracha* to a double fandango. The attack forces consist of a 13-man brass section supported by four reeds and a headquarters staff of maracas, claves and timbales. Salvo after salvo of big fat ear-singeing chords damn near level the countryside, and it's pretty zippy, toe-tapping stuff, with sensational trombone solos turned in by Carl Fontana.

Diz, the man with the upswept horn, is back on a dizzy disc called *Dizzy Gillespie Jazz Recital* (Norgran 1083) which had us playing it over and over again until the people next door asked for time out to pad their rattling highball glasses. On 10 bands, Diz shows all his skill, passion and vinegar and even sings a new composition of his own called *Hey Pete*, to which most of the words are "Hey Pete." Toni Harper sings, too, a duked-up version of *Taking a Chance on Love* which will make *you* love *her*. This is one of the swingingest swingfests we've feasted on since St. Swithin's.

"Caution!" warns the record jacket. "The primitive rhythms in this album are basic and explosive!" Not so, but pleasantly square casbah-caterwauling *is* proffered on *Aphrodisia* (Sunset 304), a

*a double shot of holiday cheer*

**THE BEST FROM PLAYBOY and PLAYBOY ANNUAL**

All the best from the first two years of PLAYBOY: fiction, cartoons and satire by Caldwell, Beaumont, Cole, Shulman *et al.*, plus a whole host of other entertaining features. Order both for your library plus several extras as gifts.

**$3.75** each
both for **$7**
Send check to
**PLAYBOY BOOK DEPARTMENT**
11 E. Superior Street
Chicago 11, Ill.

**GIANT-SIZE • FULL-COLOR**

# POSTERS

SENSATIONAL SAVINGS FOR PLAYBOY READERS! Marboro — world's largest printseller brings you the posters everyone wants... to spruce up a bachelor apartment... dress up a fraternity house... brighten the playroom — or any other room in your home. Order by mail today — and SAVE!

**P-48. Lautrec: MOULIN ROUGE.** Absolutely perfect facsimile of *Moulin Rouge*—the famous dance-hall poster. This faithful silk-screen reproduction measures a giant 31½" high x 23" wide. *Pub. at $20.00.* *Now only* **1.98**

**BULLFIGHT POSTERS**

Each of these authentic bullfight posters, printed in Spain, offers close-up, peak-action scenes of matador and bull in all the flashing brilliance and dramatic intensity of the Spanish *corrida*. A wonderfully informal continental touch to home, office or showroom. Each is 1¾ feet wide x 3½ feet high. *Pub. at $3.50 Each.*

**P-54. BARCELONA** **P-55. GRANADA**
**P-56. MADRID** **P-57. SALAMANCA**
**P-59. VALENCIA**

**NOW ONLY $1 EACH!**

**P-105. Lautrec: CONFETTI.** Decorative collotype facsimile of a reclining and vivacious coquette in yellow, red and dark gray. *Pub. at $5.00.* *Only* **1.00**

**P-102. Lautrec: ARISTIDE BRUANT.** The famous portrait of the entertainer, in blue, red, black and yellow. 30" x 20". *Pub. at $5.00.* *Only* **1.00**

**P-103. Lautrec: JANE AVRIL.** The English Dansense in a spirited "can-can," in orange, yellow, green and black. This popular Parisian "gay Nineties" scene measures 30" x 20". *Pub. at $5.00.* *Only* **1.00**

**P-66. Lautrec: DIVAN JAPONAIS.** A fashionable man and woman at a cafe table in black, yellow, orange and gray. Measures 30" x 20". *Pub. at $5.00.* *Only* **1.00**

**P-15. Lautrec: LA LOGE.** Top-hatted man, fashionable women and a tier of theatre boxes in yellow, blue and green. This colorful reproduction measures 30" x 20". *Pub. at $5.00.* *Only* **1.00**

**P-13. Lautrec: LA GOULUE.** A color lithograph of a woman in a theatre box in brown, red and yellow on a light tan background. 30" x 20". *Pub. at $5.00.* *Only* **1.00**

**ORDER BY MAIL WITH THIS COUPON!**

**MARBORO, Dept. PL-61,**
**222 Fourth Avenue, New York 3, N. Y.**

Please send me the prints whose numbers I have circled below.

☐ Enclosed please find $..... ☐ Please Send C.O.D.*

P13 P15 P48 P54 P55 P56
P57 P59 P66 P102 P103 P105

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... Zone .... State .....

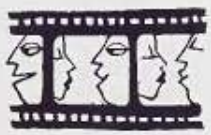
* A few cents extra for C.O.D.
We pay postage on orders of $3.00 or more. On orders for less than $3.00, please add 35¢ for postage and handling.

**GUARANTEE:** If not delighted, return after 10-day examination for full refund.

showpiece for flute-tooter Bob Romeo who, abetted by a percussion background, weaves through a maze of maize often of his own composition. Anita Ekberg decorates this package of "music for delightfully uninhibited males and females only." Trouble is, it's nowhere near delightful enough, uninhibited enough, or aphrodisiac enough to justify the albeit-tongue-in-cheek build-up. Rather, it sounds like the soundtrack of a Sam Katzman desert quickie.

*Rodgers Revisited* (Atlantic 1236) has a promising title: what American tunesmith better deserves revisiting? But 88er Cy Walter, who conducts the tour, has chosen far too few compositions from Rodgers' golden (or Hart) period and far too many from his tinfoil (or Hammerstein) period. Of the tunes from the latter, it is significant that the most refreshing — the sprightly *March of the Siamese Children* and the faintly Prokofievian *Carousel Waltzes* — were strictly instrumental numbers originally, and therefore were never sicklied o'er with the pale cast of Mr. Hammerstein's greeting-card verse. Cy Walter tries to bridge the gaping chasm between the two periods by playing everything in the slick (nay, slippery) supper-club style that is his wont and which suits several of the melodies quite well. *Slaughter on Tenth Avenue*, though, needs grit, guts, schmaltz and steam, and these Cy finds difficult to summon.

Dance music — not the jump kind, but the moon-June-swoon kind — is dished up by the Elliot Lawrence orchestra on *Dream* (Fantasy 3-226). Happily, it's not gooey and over orchestrated, as so many dance discs are; you might even say it was sweet and gorgeous — if you can imagine the two together. Lawrence's piano is suave and educated, and he and his orchestra make even Brahms, Debussy and Chopin sound like Ivy prom music.



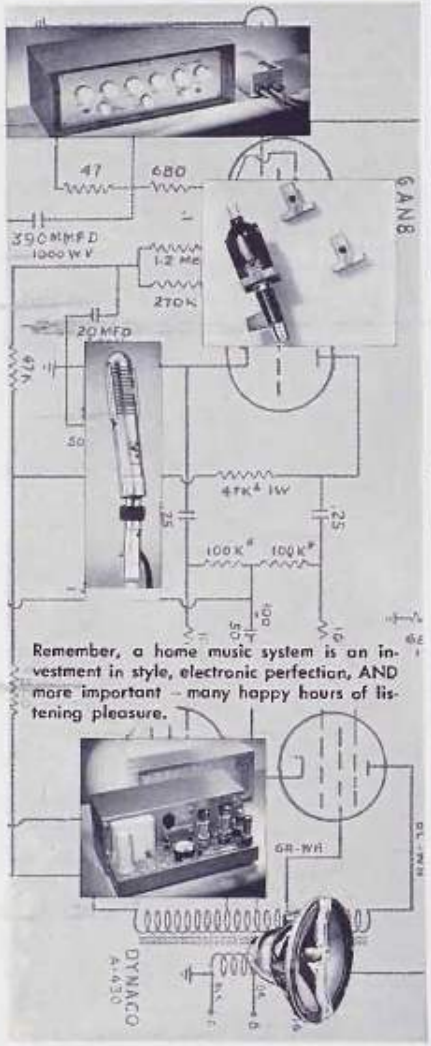
## films

Less than 30 years from now, neurologists will have almost succeeded in eliminating the orgasm from human experience; the likes of us will live our lives under the unblinking gaze of police-operated TV cameras in our homes; friendship will be frowned upon, language stripped of meaning, the past abolished, creativity distrusted, love forbidden, thought systematically destroyed: this was the picture of totalitarian terror George Orwell etched deeply in *1984*, an imperfect novel but a pip of a social document and a horripilating horror story. The films *can*

HI-FI INC.

**FOR YOU . . .**
**A HIGH FIDELITY CHRISTMAS**

Christmas — a fitting time to give HI-FI to your family, your loved one . . . or yourself.




Remember, a home music system is an investment in style, electronic perfection, AND more important – many happy hours of listening pleasure.

So a word of caution . . . whether you purchase a single component or a complete system, for Christmas or any other time, be certain to consult experienced sound technicians — experts in the field — to help you choose equipment best suited to your tastes, the acoustical characteristics of your home, and your budget.

***Visit us in our special sound studios . . . designed and created with YOU—the customer—in mind.***

**HI-FI-INC Everything in Sound**
10309 SOUTH WESTERN AVENUE
CHICAGO 43, ILL. • PRESCOTT 9-3323

create a full-scale, frightening vista of the future, as witness *Things to Come*, a couple of decades ago, but in the screen version of *1984*, they've failed. By oversimplifying and overcompressing Orwell, they've created a society hardly more hair-raising than Hitler's Germany or Stalin's Russia, give or take an atrocity. There is regimentation, cruelty, injustice, hopelessness — but little more than we've seen in those dozens of anti-Nazi films they used to crank out. As the warm-hearted Julia, Jan Sterling is a bad choice (she looks and acts as if she really *does* root for the Anti-Sex League); as Winston Smith, the man in the gray flannel fatigues, Edmond O'Brien tries hard; but it's Michael Redgrave's icy, gracious, appallingly serene Inner Party inquisitor that cops the acting crumpet. It's not a film to miss: it's a film to see with a long sigh because it should — and could — have been much better. Or, in this case, worse.

A pair of French farces now making the rounds are worth catching if they wander in your direction. *The French Touch* stars equine-pussed funnyman Fernandel as a sheep-shearer who becomes the most sought-after hairdresser in Paris: his coifs are *comme-ci, comme-ça*, but ah, his scalp-massages! They send the madames and mam'selles into ecstasies and Fernandel into their beds. *The Fruits of Summer* concerns a toothsome teenager faced with pregnancy: her mom offers to sneak off to the sticks with the errant daughter, sweat out the nine months, then claim the little one as her own. But mom has been separated from pop for several years, so she's stuck with the task of seducing her unwanted husband. Both films are fast-moving, refreshingly ridiculous confections.

Women, Inc., should boot Ambassador Clare Booth Luce out of the club, for she gave away their passwords, procedures and bylaws back in the Thirties in her devastating play *The Women*. Since then, her sniper's-eye view of heroines, harpies, flirts, floozies and gentlewomen doing post-nuptial time at Reno has appeared in every possible medium save radar. *The Opposite Sex* (which is the title of the new movie version) has been jazzed up with all the latest progressive trappings: production number songs, color and that irresistible 23-acre screen. The basic function of this entertainment is, we think, to expose the varying charms and wiles some women employ for the edification of other women and, secondarily, to expose these same wiles and charms to men, who aren't supposed to understand anyway. The story loses some of the sophistication and downright viciousness of the original since a good deal of its dialog has been altered to allow The Message to seep into the gray

**DANA ANDREWS' FAVORITE "SHORT-CUTS"**
Plymouth OF BOSTON
**WEATHER-READY® COATS**

DANA ANDREWS starring in "SPRING REUNION," released thru UNITED ARTISTS

Here's a coat DANA ANDREWS enjoys . . . rain or shine. It's PLYMOUTH OF BOSTON'S ivy-styled "Wilshire" model, a ¾ length beauty. Men-about-campus and young men-about-business appreciate its double duty as both topcoat and raincoat. Durable water-repellent cotton gabardine, in oyster shade, tartan lined, at about $20.

At the tip of his fingers is this PLYMOUTH OF BOSTON fingertip "Gab-Jac," the popular water-repellent suburban coat. With or without a zip-in jacket liner, it's smart all-weather protection. Of closely woven combed cotton gabardine, in oyster, at about $20 (quilted zip-liner about $5 additional).

At fine men's stores or write
PLYMOUTH MANUFACTURING COMPANY
BOSTON 18, MASS.

Electro-Voice®
HIGH-FIDELITY
Speaker Enclosure Kits

FOR
DO-IT-YOURSELF HI-FI FANS

**Electro-Voice KD Speaker Cabinet Kits** contain precut wood parts, screws, glue, and step-by-step, illustrated instructions. Assemble the EMPIRE corner folded-horn speaker enclosure for just $51.00!

If he prefers, let him build his own EMPIRE cabinet with materials he buys himself. You give just the Electro-Voice instruction book, $1.00.

Give the KD EMPIRE a fine furniture finish—cherry, cordovan mahogany, walnut, golden oak, fruitwood or ebony. Finishing kits, $5. Decorative Metal Trim Kit for EMPIRE, $6.00.

Follow the E-V Building Block Plan, for The Finest Speaker System . . . on a Budget!

**Start with Electro-Voice SP15B coaxial loudspeaker,** just $43.00. Step up the quality of your system by adding matched components as your budget permits—one economical step at a time.

For silky highs, add E-V Model T35B VHF driver, Model AT37 level control, Model X36 crossover.

For smoother, better mid-range response, add Model T10A HF driver with Model 8HD horn, Model AT37 level control and Model X8 crossover.

Add them all together with your basic loudspeaker and you've got a complete, compatible, deluxe, separate three-way speaker system.

**Hear the Difference**

The Electro-Voice Speaker SYSTEMS SELECTOR lets you dial the system you want. Listen to the coaxial speaker alone, switch in the additional components and hear the difference! Your nearby Electro-Voice Dealer is the man to see.

*Write for Bulletin 211-PB612*

Electro-Voice®

ELECTRO-VOICE, INC. BUCHANAN, MICHIGAN
Canada: E-V of Canada Ltd., 1908 Avenue Road, Toronto, Ontario
Export: 13 East 40th Street, New York 16, U.S.A.

matter of even the dumbest of the rock 'n' roll set. Passing in and out of the lady's room are such typical-type dolls as June Allyson, Joan Collins, Dolores Gray, Ann Sheridan, Joan Blondell, Ann Miller, Agnes Moorehead, Charlotte Greenwood, Alice Pearce and Barbara Jo Allen (alternately known as Vera Vague). *The Opposite Sex* is as commercial as a girdle ad, but it's good, mean fun throughout.

Texas as a way of life is the subject of *Giant*, the film made from Edna Ferber's massive novel: Rock Hudson is a cattle baron dedicated to the preservation of Texas as a kingdom of ranches, and the late James Dean, criticism of whom would be tasteless, pointless and un-American, is an underprivileged boy who has been nursing a grudge against the empire system and who suddenly finds himself in the upper echelon by falling heir to a chunk of oil-oozing real estate. Conflict crackles all over the countryside as the two fellows mix it up with Elizabeth Taylor holding their coats. If you're for Texas, see *Giant*; if you're agin Texas, see *Giant*; if you can take Texas or leave it alone, leave it alone. *Giant*, that is, son.

## dining drinking

Everyone, by this time, must know that Mabel Mercer sings nightly at the Byline Room (28 West 56th) in New York City and that Mabel is as inimitable as, say, Pearl Bailey or Piaf — maybe even a little inimitabler. She has a great voice, or no voice, and we've heard both opinions offered, but either way she grows on you and certainly has a knack for choosing the best of all possible tunes for her repertory. (Ask for her calm, unruffled version of *Just One of Those Things.*) Host Eddie Ramshaw's generously varied cuisine is an a la carte symphony and not excessively priced: we found the *coq au vin* eminently edible at $2.95. The Byline's decor is modified Cecil Beaton in black-and-white, with a ceiling shaped not unlike two kidneys in tandem. Thoroughly Mercerized, we permitted barkeep Ralph Martell to indulge a certain liquid libation he calls The Headshrinker ("Two of them and you're ready for the couch"): 2 parts Pernod, 1 part Strega, ½ part Fior d'Alpi; use no ice and spray the top with a twist of lemon. The gliss-and-glide pianoforte of bearded Bob Prince responds to requests till Mercer-time (10:30) and there's a minimum of $3.50 per sophisticate. Open from 5:00 P.M. till 4:00 A.M.; closed Sunday.

Next time you're in New Orleans, tear

GIFTS EXTRAORDINARY

**PHEASANT TREASURE CHEST.** Breast of Pheasant! The very words bring a mouth watering thrill of anticipatinn. Each of these precious jars contains half a breast of a large pheasant ready to heat and serve, or slice and serve cold, for the pheasant is packed in a sherry wine aspic with truffles. The basket is beautiful, a work of art woven from split polished bamboo and usable as a hand bag or carry-all. It's a family gift, a gift for the career women, important clients or business associates. $8.95 shipped prepaid.

**PHEASANT DINNER DELUXE.** The world's finest dinner for four and it can be put on the table in minutes. Two tins of Pheasant Soup for the first course, then roast ranch-raised Ringneck Pheasant, a whole bird canned in natural broth lightly flavored with sherry; a tin of Minnesota pre-cooked Wild Rice, and a jar of currant jelly. A wonderful gift, $12.75.

If you wish to receive our special monthly offerings of fine foods and holiday gift catalog, send us your name and address. Member of Diners' Club and Esquire Club.

BERKSHIRE FARMS
860 Scarsdale Avenue
Scarsdale, New York

THE DUKES OF DIXIELAND

YOU HAVE TO HEAR IT TO BELIEVE IT!

The most exciting performance of authentic New Orleans Dixie ever recorded! Hot trumpets . . . cool clarinets . . . low-down trombones . . . wicked traps . . . and a big fat tuba. The absolute most in Hi-Fidelity!

AUDIO FIDELITY AFLP 1823 12-in. $5.95pp.

THE BRAVE BULLS!
La Fiesta Brava

MUSIC of the BULLFIGHT RING . . . Vol. 1
The Banda Taurina, of the Plaza Mexico, presents actual bullfight music in brilliant Hi-Fi. Complete with book of 24 full color Bullfight Poster Reproductions.

AUDIO FIDELITY AFLP 1801 12-in. $5.95pp
Just Released: Volume 2
PLAZA DE TOROS AFLP 1817 12-in. $5.95pp

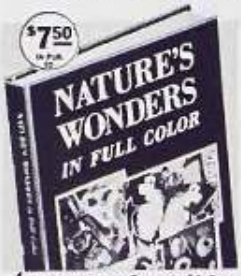
WRITE FOR FREE CATALOG
DAUNTLESS INTERNATIONAL
750 Tenth Avenue, Dept. DP New York 19, N. Y.

*25th Anniversary Offer* TO NEW MEMBERS OF AMERICA'S BIGGEST BOOK CLUB!

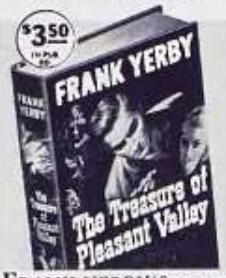
# CHOOSE ANY 3 FOR $1

when you join the Dollar Book Club and agree to take as few as 6 best-selling novels out of 24 to be offered within a year

**BEST-SELLERS! DE LUXE BOOKS! ILLUSTRATED VOLUMES!**
**MANY NEWLY OFFERED ESPECIALLY FOR THIS EVENT!**



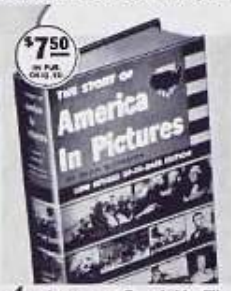

*Anniversary Special!* See Nature's strangest sights in 462 amazing close-up photos of animal life, insects, birds, flowers, etc., with fascinating stories! Big 7" by 10" book.



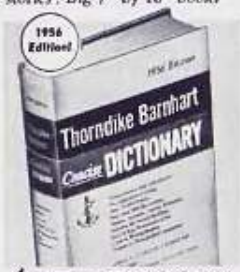

FRANK YERBY'S newest hit! Rousing tale of the Gold Rush and of an adventurer in love with two "untouchable" females — a ravishing blonde and a dark-eyed half-breed!

NEW EDITION of the greatest adventure classic of our time! 1,224 pages. "Tale of fighting, mating, scheming; of murder, revenge! What a book!" *N.Y. World-Telegram*

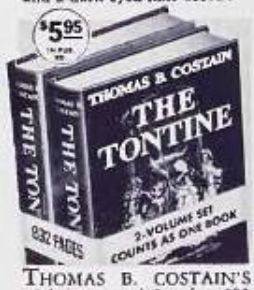
*Anniversary Special!* This famed 2-volume desk Encyclopedia has 1,440 pages, 31,000 articles, 1,250,000 words, special maps, illustrations, etc. (Set counts as one book)



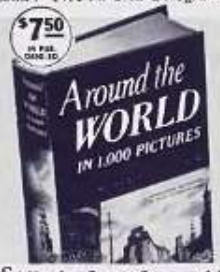

*Anniversary Special!* The whole history of America from Columbus to Pres. Eisenhower in 500 dramatic pictures and exciting text! "... thousand epic stories!"—*Baltimore Sun*



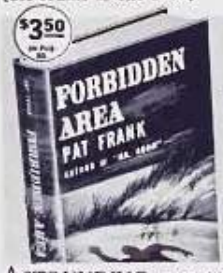

*Anniversary Special!* Famous Dictionary in new 1956 edition with 70,000 entries, 600 pictures, 544 pages, sections on letter writing, grammar, punctuation; new words, etc.



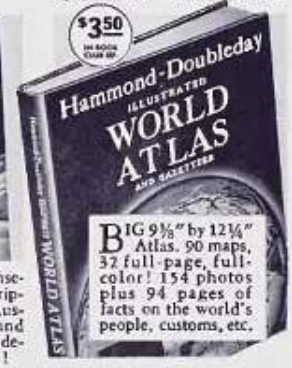

THOMAS B. COSTAIN'S mightiest story! 2 vols., 832 pages, illus. Novel about history's greatest gamble, filled with unusual characters—ex-kings, actresses, sailors, etc.




SAIL the Seven Seas — visit Rome, Paris, Bali, Mexico, Hong Kong, Egypt, Africa, etc. See wonders of 83 fabulous lands in this book of 1,000 photos, interesting text.

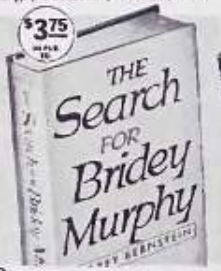



ASTOUNDING, suspenseful! *Forbidden Area* is a gripping new novel about a Russian invasion of the U.S., and of an army officer and his bride-to-be with 48 hours to live!




BIG 9⅛" by 12¼" Atlas. 90 maps, 32 full-page, full-color! 154 photos plus 94 pages of facts on the world's people, customs, etc.

ACTION HIT! *Island in the Sun* is a tale of passion, jealousy and violence on a sun-drenched island in the West Indies. "Great story, genuinely exciting!" *N. Y. Herald Trib.*




RUNAWAY best-seller! Can the dead return? *The Search for Bridey Murphy* is the startling story of a Colorado housewife who underwent hypnosis to recall a previous life!

THE WHOLE Story of Man from earliest times is vividly told in this 2-volume edition of H. G. Wells' *The Outline of History*. 1,024 pages, illustrated. *(Counts as one book)*

*Anniversary Special!* Editors of *Holiday* take you on a fabulous "picture-tour" of our scenic wonders and vacation-lands in nearly 200 breathtaking FULL COLOR photos! Vivid text. Big 8" by 10¼" volume.

## Up to $22.95 Value IN PUB. EDITIONS for only $1 when you join!

TAKE advantage of this 25th Anniversary celebration of the Dollar Book Club. Join now and receive the biggest bargain ever offered to new members!

Select any 3 books on this page for only $1. Choose from best-sellers...beautiful library volumes... big illustrated books...many newly offered for this special event! Just think—a total value of up to $22.95 in publishers' editions for $1.

**Save up to 75% on New Books**

Imagine—best-seller selections costing up to $3.95 in publishers' editions come to Club members for only $1 each! Over the years the biggest hits by top authors like Ernest Hemingway, W. Somerset Maugham, Thomas B. Costain, Daphne du Maurier, Frank Yerby and others, have come to members at this low $1 price. Occasionally, extra-value selections at $1.49 are offered. All are new, full-size, hard-bound books. Other desirable volumes, too, are offered at savings up to 75%! But you buy only the books you want and you don't have to take one every month. *Take as few as six $1 selections a year!*

**Mail Coupon—Send No Money**

Receive any 3 books you choose from this page for only $1, plus a small shipping charge. Two books are your gift for joining, and one is your first selection. Thereafter, you will receive the Club's *Bulletin*, describing forthcoming selections.

*No-Risk Guarantee:* If not delighted with your introductory bargain package, return all 3 books and membership will be cancelled.

Doubleday Dollar Book Club, Garden City, N. Y.

## MAIL THIS COUPON

**Doubleday Dollar Book Club, Dept. 12PB, Garden City, New York**

Enroll me as a Dollar Book Club member. Send me at once as my gift books and first selection the 3 books checked below and bill me only $1 FOR ALL 3, plus a small shipping charge.

- ☐ Anthony Adverse (86)
- ☐ Around the World in 1000 Pictures (1)
- ☐ Columbia-Viking Desk Encyclopedia—set (81)
- ☐ Forbidden Area (106)
- ☐ Hammond Doubleday World Atlas (63)
- ☐ Island in the Sun (36)
- ☐ Nature's Wonders in Full Color (65)
- ☐ Outline of History—set (62)
- ☐ Search for Bridey Murphy (97)
- ☐ Story of America in Pictures (91)
- ☐ Thorndike-Barnhart Concise Dictionary (71)
- ☐ The Tontine—set (93)
- ☐ Treasure of Pleasant Valley (73)
- ☐ The USA in Color (14)

Also send my first issue of *The Bulletin*, describing the new forthcoming one-dollar book selections and other bargains for members. I may notify you in advance if I do not wish the following month's selections. I do not have to accept a book every month—only six a year. I pay nothing except $1 for each selection I accept, plus a small shipping charge (unless I choose an extra-value selection).

**NO-RISK GUARANTEE:** If not delighted return all books in 7 days and membership will be cancelled.

Mr. / Mrs. / Miss — Please Print
Address .....
City .....
& Zone ..... State .....

In Canada, selection price $1.10 plus shipping; address Doubleday Book Club, 105 Bond St., Toronto 2. Offer good in U.S. and Canada only.

Established 1932

Chez Paree

THE VAGABONDS

NOVEMBER 16th
thru
DECEMBER 9th

We are now accepting reservations for New Year's Eve parties amidst the color and gayety of the world famous Chez Paree. See the nation's top entertainers and make it a night to remember. For reservations call Miss Davis at DElaware 7-3434.

610 N. FAIRBANKS COURT
CHICAGO 11, ILLINOIS

yourself away from Bourbon Street and head uptown to the Commander's Palace, 1403 Washington St. There, Frank and Elinor Moran will place before your jaded eye a soft-shell turtle stew that is unique in the entire 48. Reason? The Morans corner the market, buy up the entire soft-shell catch and use only the tender meat *under* the top four inches of Brother Turtle's shell. You can gobble it up, if you wish, on the patio recently added to the 100-year-old turreted and towered building that has long been a Crescent City landmark. Commander's dishes out its singing stew from 10:30 A.M. to midnight every night and if you must dine during rush hours, you'd be prudent to make reservations in advance.

Had we but world enough and time, we'd surely do a lot of our horsing around at the Scotch Mist (847 N. Wabash), a cozy little Chicago coach-house that's made good as a cocktail dispensary. The charcoal gray brick walls (matching a lot of the patrons' duds), a dazzling white bar and a galactic arrangement of rheostat-controlled lights (wild crowd, wild lights; soft crowd, soft lights) cook up a variety of moods that run from bedroom to bedlam. Claude Jones, no kitten on the keys, has obviously committed every good tune of the past 20 years to memory, is not at all bashful about lining out requests till dawn's early light. Class reunions and dancing are held upstairs to the caterwaulings of a juke box. Not without reason, the Scotch Mist cocktail is the favorite whistle-wetter in these parts: fill an Old Fashioned glass with lots of shaved ice, dump in two ounces of old smokey and twist in the omnipresent lemon peel. The pulsating portals of the Mist swing wide every night of the week from 3:00 P.M. until 2:00 A.M.; on Saturdays, the fun and games go on an extra hour.

## books

Frederic Wakeman told us one day, shortly after he'd sold *The Hucksters* to the flicks for a king's ransom and might have retired there and then, that he'd never stop writing. He hasn't, but nothing he's written since then has won the acclaim accorded that book and his first, *Shore Leave*. Just possibly, *Deluxe Tour* (Rinehart, $3.95) will: Wakeman employs the familiar literary device of throwing together in unfamiliar surroundings an ill-assorted and variously motivated group of people and then letting us watch the fun and the flying fur as they interact. Nine Americans (including a rich publisher and his seductive wife, a richbitch grandmother and

Eddie Heywood trio
Marion McPARTLAND trio
At The COMPOSER
68 West 58 ST., N.Y.C.
PL 9-6683
No 20% Tax
Member Diners' Club

the intimate
black orchid presents
• finest cuisine
• sophisticated entertainment
rush & ontario — chicago

in NEW YORK—one thing you MUST do is visit the famous EMBERS to enjoy the MOST EXCITING FOOD & MUSIC in our town! member DINERS' CLUB.
FAMOUS FOR
ROAST BEEF • STEAKS • BARBECUED RIBS
EMBERS
DINNER From 5:30 P.M. • OPEN TO 4 A.M.
161 E. 54TH - NYC • PL 9-3228
BETWEEN LEXINGTON & THIRD AVES.

watch for
TRUMP
the new
humor magazine

FUN IN MEXICO

RETIRE-VACATION ON $150 A MONTH

or less in a resort area, 365 days of sun a year, dry temp. 65-80°. Or maintain lux. villa, servants, ALL expenses $200-250 a mo. Am.-Eng. colony on lake 60 mi. long, 30 min. to city of ½ million, medical center. Schools, arts, sports. Few hours by air. Train, bus, PAVED roads all the way. Full-time servants, maids, cooks, $6 to $15 a mo., filet mignon 35c lb., coffee 40c, gas 15c gal. Gin, rum, brandy 65c-85c fth., whiskey $1.50 qt. Houses $10 mo. up. No fog, smog, confusion, jitters. Serene living among world's most considerate people. For EXACTLY how Americans are living on $50—$90—$150—$250 a mo., Airmail $2.00 for COMPLETE current info., photos, prices, roads, hotels, hunting, fishing, vacationing and living conditions from Am. viewpoint (Pers. Chk. OK) to Bob Thayer Box 8, Ajijic, Lake Chapala, Jal., Mexico.

the scotch mist

...merriest *moor* this side of *heather*

COACH HOUSE
874 NO. WABASH
CHICAGO

"Mabel Mercer is perhaps the finest popular singer in America" . . . PLAYBOY

A perfect setting for a night on the town in N.Y.—finest food, entertainment, atmosphere.

CY WALTER
Mabel Mercer — Sam Hamilton
YOUR HOST • EDDIE RAMSHAW
THE BYLINE
RESTAURANT
28 W. 56th ST. N. Y. C.

LINN BURTON *Presents*
AL MORGAN
*In Person*
STEAK HOUSE
744 N. Rush St. • Chicago

PHONE: WH 4-1011

HOUSE of ENG AND CONFUCIUS LOUNGE

106 E. WALTON PLACE
CHICAGO, ILL.

December 6th to 26th
▶ Direct from his Triumphant European Tour ◀
COUNT
BASIE
and his 16 pc. orchestra
featuring JOE WILLIAMS
PHINEAS NEWBORN Quartet
BIRDLAND
52nd ST. and BROADWAY
JUdson 6-7333
THE JAZZ CORNER OF THE WORLD

CloisterInn
*Exciting Modern MUSIC*
Featuring LURLEAN HUNTER
. . . Pat Moran Quartet
Dick Marx & Johnny Frigo—Every Mon. & Tues.
900 North Rush Street Chicago, Illinois

her lover, an ex-actress and her sadistic husband) plus an Italian adventurer and a *jeune fille fatale* French guide, make a tour of Europe's gaudier capitals in the course of which intrigue, crookedness and sex flourish among them. This certainly isn't Literature, but it's brittle, can't-miss novelizing you'll want to savor.

Guy name of Joe Richards bought a rotting, beat-up Friendship sloop a couple years before World War II, almost killed himself fixing her up, sailed her to Florida, left her there to go to sea in the Pacific for Uncle Sam, came back seven years later and sailed his ship back to New York. Out of this period of his life Richards has made a book of which the war years occupy no more than an impatient aside now and then. For it's the little, aged, cranky, brave and lovable *Princess — New York* (Bobbs-Merrill, $4) that Richards celebrates, and his book about her and their love affair is a tone poem to her charms. He tore into her, at first, with maniac zeal to make her seaworthy and then they went adventuring together, vassals of the vagabond kink in his nature. It's a heady tale in which the hardships seem joyous and the joys are those of body and spirit rather than intellect. And it's delightful reading: by a happy cross-pollination of talents, Richards the artist (he's a successful painter), Richards the able seaman and Richards the writer have collaborated as closely and successfully as did he and Princess in the years of their courtship.

It's our hunch that for the average guy's money (in this case four clams) Colin Wilson's *The Outsider* (Houghton Mifflin, $4) can stay outside. This is the book which has raised a partisan storm in literary circles and has won fame for its bohemian 25-year-old author. His thesis is interesting though in fact not as new as it's touted to be: There are in the world today men who are outsiders in the sense of being (actively sometimes but usually passively) in rebellion, not only against the world they live in but against their own roles and souls as well. Wilson differs in attempting an answer: he plumps for a new spirituality, a new religion free of dogma. To his aid he musters a staggering array of authorities from whom he quotes aptly and plentifully. It's an astonishing performance—but it takes strong intellect to stay with it for more than minutes at a time. Nor does the author's knotty style help. It's thought-stimulating and impressive—and a bit too exhaustingly exhaustive.

Up in New Hampshire, near the Connecticut River which divides that state from Vermont, is the true-life counterpart of *Peyton Place* (Pop. 3675), fictional locale of the same-name novel (Messner,

One of the Great Recordings of Our Time

mel tormé
frances faye

"porgy and bess"

Unlike any other "Porgy and Bess" you've ever heard. From the original Gershwin score. Includes Betty Roché, Sallie Blair, Duke Ellington's Orchestra, the Australian Jazz Quintet, Russ Garcia, Al "Jazzbo" Collins, many others. On 3 Hi-Fi 12" LP's. $14.95 at all Dealers. Unique 3-D package.

BETHLEHEM RECORDS
New York Hollywood

Cricketeer Sportcoats
*for Playboys . . . Everywhere!*
FROM $35.00 UP AT BETTER SHOPS

■ "High fidelity" might be defined as the precision reproduction of music by a system of specialist-built components. Among these components—amplifiers, radio tuners, record players—nowhere is precision workmanship more important than it is in the loudspeaker.

■ Consider the function of a loudspeaker. It must vibrate at exactly the same frequency as the electrical signal fed to it by the amplifier. This frequency may vary from 30 to as many as 15,000 times a second! Consider that now we are not dealing with electrons of negligible mass, neither are we working with a tiny phonograph stylus; in a loudspeaker we must control the actual physical movement of a considerable mass of metal and fiber. A moment's reflection will show that in this component precision workmanship is all important.

■ JBL Signature Speakers made by James B. Lansing Sound, Inc., are made with that degree of precision usually associated with scientific instruments or navigational chronometers. Perhaps they should not be called "loudspeakers" at all, but should be given the more technically correct appellation: precision transducers. No matter how difficult the manufacturing operation, if a refinement will result in better sound, it is built into JBL Signature Loudspeakers.

The place to see and hear JBL Signature units is in the component demonstration room of the authorized JBL Signature High Fidelity Sound Specialist in your community.

Only JBL Signature speakers are made with 4" voice coils ... such as the 15" JBL D130 Extended Range unit.

Only the JBL Signature D123 is made with a frame so shallow that it may be mounted flush with wall surface.

Only JBL Signature High Frequency components are made with acoustical lenses for smooth treble distribution.

*in a high fidelity loudspeaker* **PRECISION** *...is the measure of* **QUALITY**

The ring radiator in the D75 High Frequency unit is an exclusive JBL Signature development.

Most handsome and versatile speaker enclosure made – the JBL Signature Harlan.

Universally acclaimed first choice for high fidelity "Dream Set" ... the JBL Signature Hartsfield.

Most popular enclosure – the JBL Signature Model C36 back-loaded folded horn.

Speakers of the highest precision bear this trademark. "JBL" means James B. Lansing Sound, Inc.

For his name and address, write to:
James B. Lansing Sound, Inc.
2439 Fletcher Drive • Los Angeles 39, Calif.

$3.95) by youthful Grace Metalious. They have long, cold winters up that way, but this year they'll have plenty hot talk to keep them warm, for in peeling back the layers of the town's private lives to reveal the corruption beneath, this girl Grace unleashes the hounds of every private hell and sets them baying. She knows all, tells all, about (among other niceties) the trussing up and raping of a teenager by her stepfather, the brutal buying off of a pregnant teenager by her lover's father, the heroine's discovery of her illegitimacy, her mother's seduction and ultimate marriage, plus incidental abortion, murder, fornication, drunkenness, lechery, debauchery, bitchery, maiming, bastardy, and just plain meanness. Everybody gets his comeuppance sooner or later, though, and all ends pretty happily for those who survive. Miss Metalious has a lot of talent, fills her big canvas well and surely, and if the Peyton Placers don't lynch her, she should go on to do some fine work.

James R. Newman, one of the world's outstanding authorities on the literature of the sciences, spent 15 years assembling *The World of Mathematics* (Simon & Schuster, $20), a handsome four-volume compendium of the literature of math. Sounds forbidding, we know, but the million-odd words of text and 130,000-word interweaving commentary by Newman contain, besides a hell of a lot of fascinating laymanly math, plenty that's engrossingly off-beat. Examples: Lewis Carroll on logical nonsense, Shaw's *The Vice of Gambling and the Virtue of Insurance*, Fisher's *The Mathematics of a Lady Tasting Tea*, the classic *Theory of Games*, and a carload of etceteras. We doubt anyone we know will read it all; on the other hand, we guess most literate people – especially s.f. fans – will find much to delight and bemuse and intrigue. Got a gift problem for a special math-happy pal? This is as apt an answer as you'll find any where or when.

Speaking of gift books, run your eyebones over *The Book of the Sky* (Appleton-Century-Crofts, $10), a sumptuous collection, mit pictures, of the finest writing about the sky from all lands and all times, from Daedelus to jets. It's a companion volume to those best sellers of previous years, *The Book of the Sea* and *The Book of the Mountains*, and its editor has applied the same criteria in selecting his entries: literary excellence was the first requisite, unusual handling of the subject was the second. As in the other books, you'll find no anthologized-to-hell-and-gone retreads here. Admittedly, we have a special interest in these volumes: our associate publisher, A. C. Spectorsky, is their editor.

Frontier Ivy-Cord Lounger

Western inspired casual comfort combined with Ivy League styling. An original creation by Sy Devore from lustrous fine-wale corduroy – meticulously executed by Bill Parry Manufacturing.

Slim, trim trousers feature frontier pockets, adjustable side-tabs, plain cuffs. Full lined matching jacket with crested pocket. Both in tan, olive, black, charcoal, brown or white.

Jacket $21.50 (s-m-l-xl)
Trousers $13.50 (28 to 38)

State waist size, inseam trouser length, and color.
Cash or check – no c.o.d.'s – post. ppd. Add tax in California

Sy Devore 1533 VINE STREET HOLLYWOOD 28, CAL.

A GIFT WORTH GIVING: PLAYBOY

WHEAT JEANS

WE PREDICT . . .

The Big Man On Campus—and off—will be living a lot of his life in Wheat Jeans this year.

Heavy weight sanforized denim in a slim Western cut. The color—and it's important news—is a light wheat. Men's waist sizes from 28 to 36; inseam length, 30, 32, 34, 36.

For women, too: sizes 10 to 16.

$4.50 ppd. Send check or money order to:

THE DOMINO
1450 E. 57th St.
Chicago 37, Illinois

*For Distinguished Masculine Appeal*

**WALL STREET**

SHAVING LOTION $1.80

MEN'S COLOGNE $2.20

FOOT PAID TAX PAID

*Direct from the Perfume Shop of*

MICHEL PASQUIER

7 W. 46th St., New York 36, N.Y.

***"Next Week We've Got to Get Organized"...***

**THE PEN SET** with a sense of humor!

Refreshingly different desk set for executives, students, **everyone** on your list! The cartoon characters reclining on the white ceramic oval tile base are the famous "Nebbishes," created by Gardner. Felt backed to protect desk tops, it holds an excellent swivel ball point pen that will take a standard refill. Clever, amusing . . . order several for yourself, for gift giving. Sorry, no C.O.D.'s. **$2.95** ppd.

Catalogue included with every order!

**ADD A SMILE TO A WALL**

Any room will be more cheerful when decorated with these amusing framed prints! Solid oak frames, 6" x 12", border a pair of the hilarious **"Nebbishes"** . . . those delightfully spontaneous characters everybody loves! Wonderful accent in a den, office, playroom, dorm. Wonderful gift for everybody! **$1.50** each, ppd.

**Pinesbridge Studios**

OSSINING 21, NEW YORK


# PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

WILD GOINGS-ON most everywhere are on tap during carnival time in February. For the most bawdy brawl of all, hop a plane at newly-reduced fares for Rio de Janeiro's version of Mardi Gras (Brazilian Tourist Bureau, 551 Fifth Ave., NYC). Or spend just four gloriously sleepless nights there as part of a circle romp that also hits the pre-Lenten highlights of other South American cities — 21 days for $898 (Braniff International Airways, Love Field, Dallas, Texas). For stateside sport, don't miss the rowdy rah-rah of Mardi Gras in New Orleans for a scant $188 round trip from Chicago in a six-day package that includes parade seats, a gala carnival ball, a jaunt out to the bayou country and a heap more (Cartan Travel Bureau, 8 S. Michigan, Chicago). The French Riviera is jumping, too, what with flower battles and such fine foolishness going on at Juan-les-Pins, Nice and Cannes, among other spots (French Government Tourist Office, 610 Fifth Ave., NYC).

For a mid-February frolic a little closer to home, lovers of the *outré* will want to dig the Trappers' Festival at The Pas, Manitoba — dog racing, goose calling, rat skinning, snowshoe racing and, of course, beauty queens and gay parades in a snow-steeped frontier town on the edge of the northern wilderness (Canadian National Railways, 630 Fifth Ave., NYC).

Another February lark: the annual Gasparilla Invasion of Tampa, Florida, which includes an "attack" by a full-rigged pirate ship crewed by prominent Tampa businessmen. There's a gaggle of lovely females around too, lightly clad and carefree as the wind (Florida Development Commission, Tallahassee).

Latest report is that the ski slopes are in top shape at Aspen's posh Hotel Jerome overlooking Roaring Fork valley. If the snow doesn't send you, you can swim or loll in heated pools shadowed by the craggy Rockies (Hotel Jerome, Aspen, Colo.). Good skier's spot in the east is Oak n' Spruce at South Lee, Mass. (write Franz Prinz), where a scant $39.50 gets you all the necessities plus a loan of skis for a week. Not so cheap, but fine and frolicsome is the "Ski Capital of the East" at Stowe, Vermont. There's *always* powdery stuff on the fast, varied slopes of Mt. Mansfield and a gay time for all at luxurious joints like The Lodge at Smugglers' Notch ($14 a day and up) or Hannes Lipponer's Mountain Chalet ($8 up), both in Stowe.


**What is YOUR HOLIDAY PLEASURE**

**TURKEY?**

**...HAM?**

*Either Delicacy — Unforgettable for Christmas Feasting and Gifting! It's the Rare Forst Smoked Flavor that Makes the Difference—the indescribably Piquant Delight of Every Smoke-Sweet Morsel!*

M-m-m . . . this is eating! The juiciest turkeys, applewood smoked, aromatically spiced, golden brown; Southern-style succulent hams, long-cured to insure that different Forst flavor. Choice, broad-breasted birds and pampered porkers—slowly smoked 'til the aromatic flavor wafts from smoldering embers into every morsel!

*Best of all, no cooking—no shopping! Each delectable Forst delicacy comes to you ready to slice and serve. Just send us your order; we do the rest!*

**FORST CATSKILL MOUNTAIN SMOKED TURKEY**

Whole smoked turkeys from 8 to 20 lbs., net wt. Ready to eat. Price $1.75 lb.

**FORST CATSKILL MOUNTAIN SMOKED HAM**

Net wt. from 10 to 18 lbs. Ready to serve. Price $1.50 per lb.

**FORST PAK-O-SIX**

Perfect for gifts or entertaining! Six festive vacuum-packed family-size cans —each one of Forst's three famous Smoked Turkey delicacies: generous slices, all-purpose Handi-Cut, smooth Pate. Also one each of Forst's finger-size franks, smoked pork sausages, smoked turkey sausages. Gift boxed. ONLY $6.50.

Order these luxurious gifts now. All delicacies beautifully gift wrapped, shipped prepaid in U.S. FREE new full color gift catalog.

**THE FORSTS,** Route 456, Kingston, N. Y.

I enclose my Gift List, with complete addresses of recipients, and Check for $_____

I would like my gift cards signed _____

Please ship the Forst Smoked Delicacies checked below, delivery charges prepaid in U.S.

_____ Smoked Turkeys _____ (8 to 20 lbs.) at $1.75 a lb.

_____ Smoked Hams _____ (10 to 18 lbs.) at $1.50 lb.

_____ Pak-O-Six _____ $6.50

Approximate date required _____

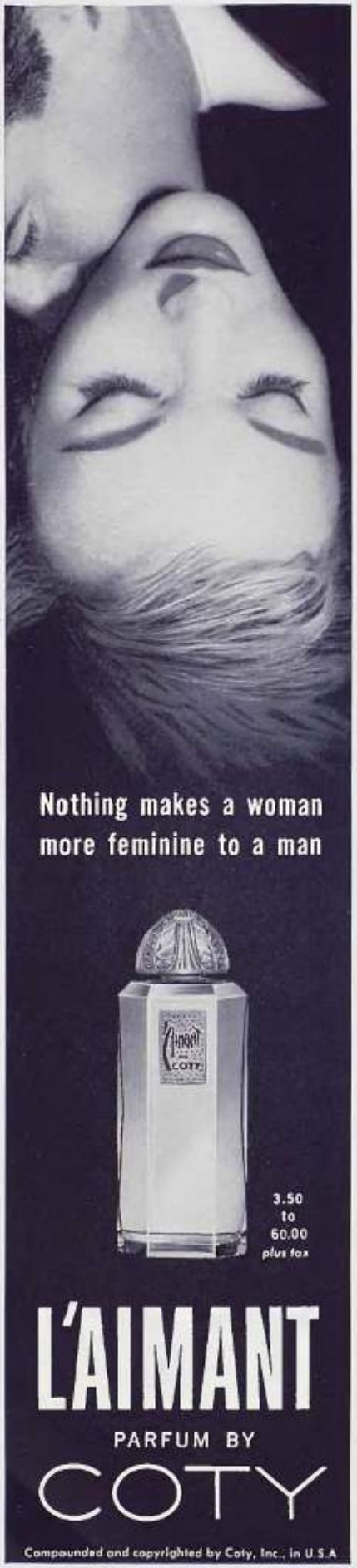
☐ Send New Full Color Catalog

Your Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

**IMPORTANT:** *All Forst Products are Government Inspected!*




# JAZZ POLL REPORT

THE BALLOTS in the first annual PLAYBOY JAZZ POLL are arriving at the rate of nearly a thousand a day. The earliest jazz poll mail included ballots from many closely associated with jazz music, like Dave Garroway, Al "Jazzbo" Collins, Earl "Fatha" Hines, Shorty Rogers, Chico Hamilton, Carmen McRae, Miles Davis, Buddy De Franco and Sarah Vaughan. All the votes are being punched onto IBM cards and the cards will be run through special electronic tabulating equipment to choose the final winners, in much the same way that questions are selected on *The $64,000 Question* television show. The results are being audited by Arthur Pos & Co., certified public accountants.

In a tabulation of the first ballots, Count Basie and Stan Kenton are ahead in the voting for the leader of the 1957 PLAYBOY ALL-STAR JAZZ BAND, with Benny Goodman, Louis Armstrong, Duke Ellington, Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey not too far behind.

The first votes cast for the band's trumpet section went to musicians in all the schools of jazz, from dixieland to bop and cool: Louis "Satchmo" Armstrong, Dizzy Gillespie, Chet Baker and Bobby Hackett took early leads, with Miles Davis, Roy Eldridge, Maynard Ferguson and Shorty Rogers all within blowing distance. J. J. Johnson, Kai Winding, Bob Brookmeyer, Jack Teagarden and Bill Harris received most of the early votes for trombone.

Paul Desmond got off to a good start in the contest for first chair alto sax, with Johnny Hodges, Lee Konitz and Bud Shank bunched close together in the voting for the second seat; Stan Getz is well on the way to taking the first tenor sax seat, with Coleman Hawkins, Charlie Ventura or Lester Young a good possibility for the other. Gerry Mulligan holds an early lead in the baritone sax department. Buddy DeFranco and Benny Goodman are close together in the initial voting for clarinet.

Dave Brubeck and Erroll Garner are leading in the All-Star selection for the band's pianist, with Count Basie, Art Tatum, Oscar Peterson, George Shearing and Teddy Wilson placing well; Barney Kessel is ahead in the voting for guitarist; Milt Hinton, Oscar Pettiford, Ray Brown, Bob Haggart, Percy Heath and Eddie Safranski are all making a good showing in the bass department. Shelly Manne has taken the opening lead on drums, with Gene Krupa just behind, and Jo Jones, Buddy Rich and Max Roach just behind him. Lionel Hampton, on vibes, is leading in the miscellaneous instrument category, with Don Elliott, on vibes and mellophone, Terry Gibbs, vibes, Milt Jackson, vibes, and Art Van Damme, accordion, placing just behind.

Frank Sinatra has taken a heavy, early lead in the voting for male vocalist for the first PLAYBOY ALL-STAR JAZZ BAND, with Nat "King" Cole, Sammy Davis, Jr. and Joe Williams next in line. Ella Fitzgerald is leading in the voting for femme canary, with June Christy, Billie Holiday, Peggy Lee, Carmen McRae, Jeri Southern and Sarah Vaughan bunched together not too far behind. Dave Brubeck and the Modern Jazz Quartet are leading the rest of the pack in the voting for the instrumental combo to play with the All-Star band and the Four Freshmen and the Hi-Lo's are doing the same in the voting for a vocal group.

The final results of the first annual PLAYBOY JAZZ POLL will appear in the February issue.

Statement required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233) showing the ownership, management, and circulation of PLAYBOY, published monthly at Chicago, Ill., for Oct. 1, 1956. 1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher and Editor, Hugh M. Hefner, 11 East Superior Street; Managing editor, None; Business manager, Philip C. Miller, 11 East Superior Street. 2. The owner is: HMH PUBLISHING CO., INC., 11 East Superior Street, Chicago 11, Illinois. The names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of the total amount of stock are: Hugh M. Hefner, 11 E. Superior, Chicago, Illinois; Eldon Sellers, 51 West Erie Street, Chicago, Illinois; Glenn L. Hefner, 1922 North New England, Chicago, Illinois; Burt Zollo, 532 Aldine, Chicago, Illinois; Richard Miller, 1363 East 50th, Chicago, Illinois; Arthur Paul, 6605 North Damen Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. 3. The known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None. 4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner. Philip C. Miller, Business Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 11th day of September, 1956. (SEAL) Marjorie Pitner. (My commission expires April 13, 1959.)

## CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE


| | | |
|---|---|---|
| PLAYBILL | | 2 |
| DEAR PLAYBOY | | 5 |
| PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS | | 9 |
| PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK—travel | | 17 |
| JAZZ POLL REPORT—article | | 18 |
| THE DARK MUSIC—fiction | CHARLES BEAUMONT | 20 |
| CONFESSIONS OF AN AMERICAN BUTTON MAN—satire | SHEL SILVERSTEIN | 23 |
| BROADWAY—entertainment | | 24 |
| THE SEASON JUST PAST—review | WOLCOTT GIBBS | 24 |
| THE SEASON TO COME—preview | WARD MOREHOUSE | 26 |
| TALLULAH'S FOLLIES—pictorial | | 28 |
| HOT HOLIDAY CHEER—drink | THOMAS MARIO | 32 |
| THE BITCH IN HEAT—fiction | ROBERT SLATER | 37 |
| PLAYBOY'S CHRISTMAS CARDS—humor | RAY RUSSELL | 38 |
| MISS DECEMBER—playboy's playmate of the month | | 41 |
| PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES—humor | | 48 |
| THE CHRISTMAS EVE SUPER—ribald classic | GUY DE MAUPASSANT | 51 |
| PLAYBOY'S CHRISTMAS PACKAGE—gift gallery | | 53 |
| HEMINGWAY—pastiche | JED KILEY | 61 |
| CONCEIVING CAN BE FUN—satire | SHEPHERD MEAD | 63 |
| THE HUNDRED DOLLAR SUICIDE—fiction | HENRY GREGOR FELSEN | 65 |
| ETCHINGS REVISITED—humor | | 68 |
| PLAYBOY'S BAZAAR—buying guide | | 77 |



HUGH M. HEFNER *editor and publisher*

A. C. SPECTORSKY *assistant to the publisher*

RAY RUSSELL *executive editor* — ARTHUR PAUL *art director*

JACK J. KESSIE *associate editor* — NORMAN C. HARRIS *associate art director*

ELDON SELLERS *advertising manager* — JOSEPH PACZEK *assistant art director*

VICTOR LOWNES III *promotion manager* — JOHN MASTRO *production manager*

PHILIP C. MILLER *business manager* — NORMAN S. WEISER *special projects*

**Playboy** is published monthly by the HMH Publishing Co., Inc., 11 E. Superior, Chicago 11, Illinois. Postage must accompany all manuscripts, drawings and photographs submitted if they are to be returned and no responsibility can be assumed for unsolicited materials. Entered as second class matter August 5, 1955, at the post office at Chicago, Illinois, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Printed in U. S. A. Contents copyrighted© 1956 by HMH Publishing Co., Inc. Nothing may be reprinted in whole or in part without written permission from the publisher. Any similarity between the people and places mentioned in the fiction and semi-fiction in this magazine and any real people and places is purely coincidental. **Subscriptions:** In the U. S., its possessions and Canada, $13 for three years, $10 for two years, $6 for one year; elsewhere, add $3 per year for foreign postage. Please allow approximately three weeks for entering new subscriptions and renewals. Change of address: Send both old and new addresses and allow approximately three weeks for change to become effective. **Advertising:** Main advertising office, 11 E. Superior St., Chicago 11, Illinois. Michigan 2-1000; Eastern advertising office, 270 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y., PLaza 9-3076; Los Angeles representative: F. E. Crawford, 638 S. Van Ness Avenue, Los Angeles 5, California, DUnkirk 4-7352; San Francisco representative: A. S. Babcock, 605 Market Street, San Francisco 5, California, YUkon 2-3954; Miami representative: Hale Printup, Langford Building, Miami 32, Florida, Miami 9-2668. **Credits:** Cover designed by Arthur Paul, collage by B. Paul, model Lisa Winters, photographed by Bunny Yeager; P. 24 photo by John Loengard of Magnum; P. 25 photos by Burt Glinn of Magnum, Elliott Erwitt of Magnum, Ormond Gigli of Rapho-Guillumette and Richard Weeds; P. 26 photos by John Loengard of Magnum; P. 27 photos by John Loengrad of Magnum, Burt Glinn of Magnum and Elliott Erwitt of Magnum; P. 28 photos by Ice Covello of Black Star; P. 32 photo by Ralph Cowan; P. 41-47 photos by Bunny Yeager; P. 53-57 photos by Morton Shapiro, Dick Boyer, Ralph Cowan and Bacon-Tirschel Associates.

Lisa P. 41

Silverstein P. 23

Broadway P. 24

# PLAYBOY


*vol. 3, no. 12 — december, 1956*

# THE DARK MUSIC

*fiction* **BY CHARLES BEAUMONT**

*for those who oppose the forces of life,*
*there are strange and fitting punishments*

IT WAS NOT A PATH at all but a dry white river of shells, washed clean by the hot summer rain and swept by the winds that came across the gulf: a million crushed white shells, spread quietly over the cold Alabama earth, for the feet of Miss Lydia Maple.

She'd never seen the place before. She'd never been told of it. It couldn't have been purposeful, her stopping the bus at the unmarked turn, pausing, then inching down the narrow path and stopping again at the tree-formed arch; on the other hand, it certainly was not impulse. She had years ago recognized impulse for what it was: an animal thing. And, as she was proud to say, Miss Maple did not choose to think of herself as an animal.

Perhaps it was this: by its virginal nature, the area promised much in the way of specimens. Frogs would be here, and insects, and if they were lucky, a few garden snakes for the bolder lads.

In any case, Miss Maple was well satisfied. And if one could judge from their excited murmurings, which filtered through the thickness of trees, so were the students.

She smiled. Leaning against the elm, now, with all the forest fragrance rising to her nostrils, and the clean gulf breeze cooling her, she was suddenly very glad indeed that she had selected today for the field trip. Otherwise, she would be at this moment seated in the chalky heat of the class room. And she would be reminded again of the whole nasty business, made to defend her stand against the clucking tongues, or to suppose there was nothing to defend. The newspapers were not difficult to ignore, but it was impossible to shut away the attitude of her colleagues; and – no: one must not dwell on it. She looked at the shredded lace of sunlight.

It was a lovely spot. Not a single beer can, not a bottle nor a cellophane wrapper nor even a cigarette to suggest that human beings had ever been here before. It was – *pure.*

In a way, Miss Maple liked to think of herself in similar terms. She believed in purity, and had her own definition of the word. Of course she realized – how could she doubt it now? – she might be an outmoded and slightly incongruous figure in this day and age; but that was all right. She took pride in the distinction. And to Mr. Owen Tracy's remark that hers was the only biology class in the world where one would hear nothing to discourage the idea of the stork, she had responded as though to a great compliment. The Lord could testify, it hadn't been easy! How many, she wondered, would have fought as valiantly as she to protect the town's children from the most pernicious and evil encroachment of them all?

Sex education, indeed!

By all means, let us kill every last lovely dream; let us destroy the

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT HODGELL

only trace of goodness and innocence in this wretched, guilty world! Miss Maple twitched, vaguely aware that she was dozing. The word *sex* jarred her toward wakefulness, but *purity* pulled her back again.

A sound brushed her ear: something apart from the shrillings of the forest's invisible creatures. She opened her eyes, watched a fat wren on a pipestem twig, and settled to the half-sleep – deciding to think a while now about Mr. Hennig and Sally Barnes. They had been meeting secretly after three o'clock, Miss Maple knew. She'd waited, though, and taken her time, and then struck. And she'd caught them, in the basement, doing those unspeakable things. Mr. Hennig would not be teaching school for a while now.

She stretched, almost invisible against the leafy floor. The mouse-colored dress covered her like an embarrassed hand, concealing, not too successfully, the rounded hills of her breasts, keeping the secret of her slender waist and full hips, trailing down below the white and shapely legs, down to the plain black leather shoes. Her face was pale and naked, but the lips were large and moist, and the cheekbones high. Miss Maple did her best: she fought her body and her face every morning, but she was not victorious. In spite of it all, she was an attractive woman.

The sound came again, and woke her.

It was not the fat bird and it was not the children. It was – music. Like the music of flutes, or piccolos, very high-pitched and mellow; sharp yet somehow – dark; and though there was a melody, she could not recognize it.

Miss Maple arose, slowly, and brushed the leaves and pine needles away.

Why should there be music in a lost place like this?

She turned and, without having the slightest notion why, except that the sounds were beautiful, she began to walk into the thickness. The foliage was wet, glistening dark green, and it was not long before her thin dress was soaked in many places, but she went on.

Presently she was standing in a grove. Slender saplings, spotted brown, surrounded her like the necks of restless giraffes, and beneath her feet there was soft golden grass, high and wild. But the music – which had pulsed clearly in the summer air, drawing her – was gone.

She looked in every direction, deciding to feel foolish; but somehow she could only feel disappointed. Her heart was beating entirely too fast. She saw nothing across the grove: just the surrounding dark and shadowed woods, the grass and trees and sunlight. There was the sound of the brook, of the wind, of her heart.

She sank to the ground and lay still, curiously exhausted. Then she became conscious of it: one thing which her vision might deny, and her senses, but which she felt nonetheless to be.

She was not alone.

"Yes?" The word rushed and died before it could ever leave her throat.

A rustle of leaves: small hands applauding.

"Who is it?"

A drum in her chest.

"Who is it – who's here?"

And silence.

Miss Maple put unsteady fingers to her lips and stopped breathing. I'm not alone, she thought, I'm not alone.

*No.*

Did someone say that? She lay on the grass, trembling, and a new sensation – neither fear nor terror – washed over her, catching her up in tides.

She stiffened when she felt this, and when she heard the laughter, the deep-throated far-off laughter – was it far off? – her eyes arced over the grove.

And saw nothing.

She rose to her feet. There was a new smell in the air. A coarse animal smell, like wet fur; hot and fetid, thick, heavy, rolling toward her, covering her.

She cried something inarticulate and attempted to run. When she reached the shaded dell at the end of the grove, she dropped, consumed with heat, to the softness and breathed the animal air.

Something touched her. A hand?

She threw her arms over her face. "Please!"

"Miss Maple!"

She felt her hands reaching toward the top button of her dress.

"Miss Maple! What's the matter?"

An eternal moment; then, everything sliding, melting, like a vivid dream you will not remember. Miss Maple shook her head from side to side and stared up at a boy with straw hair and wide eyes.

She pulled reality about her.

"You all right, Miss Maple?"

"Of course, William," she said. The smell was gone. The music was gone. It was a dream. "I was following a snake, you see – a chicken snake, to be exact – and I almost had it, you see, when I twisted my ankle on one of the stones in the brook. That's why I called."

The boy said, "Wow."

"Unfortunately," Miss Maple continued, getting to her feet, "it escaped. You didn't happen to see it, did you, William?"

William said no, and Miss Maple pretended to hobble back to the field.

When she inquired of the students if they'd heard anything peculiar, like music, like a radio playing music, or something, they told her they hadn't, and she looked closely at them.

But they were telling the truth.

• • •

At 4:19, after grading three groups of tests, Miss Lydia Maple put on her gray cotton coat and flat black hat and started for home. She was not exactly thinking about the incident in the forest, but Owen Tracy had to speak twice. He had been waiting.

"Miss Maple. Over here!"

She stopped, turned, and approached the blue car. The principal of Overton High was smiling: he was too handsome for his job, too tall and too young, and Miss Maple resented his eyes. They traveled. "Yes, Mr. Tracy?"

"Thought maybe you'd like a lift home."

"That is very nice of you," she said, "but I enjoy walking. It isn't far."

"Well, then, how about my walking along with you?"

Miss Maple flushed. "I —"

"Like to talk with you, off the record." The tall man got out of his car, locked it.

"Not, I hope, about the same subject."

"Yes."

"I'm sorry, I have nothing further to add."

Owen Tracy fell into step. His face was still pleasant, and it was obvious that he intended to retain his good humor, his charm. "I suppose you read Ben Sugrue's piece in *The Sun-Mirror* yesterday?"

Miss Maple said, "No," perfunctorily. Sugrue was a monster, a libertine: it was he who had started the campaign, whose gross libidinous whispers had first swept the town.

"It refers to Overton High as a medieval fortress."

"Indeed? Well," Miss Maple said, "perhaps that's so." She smiled, delicately. "It was, I believe, a medieval fortress that saved hundreds of lives during the time of the Black Plague."

Tracy stopped a moment to light a cigarette. "Very good," he conceded. "You're an intelligent person, Lydia. Intelligent and sharp."

"Thank you."

"And that's what puzzles me. This mess over the sex education program isn't intelligent and it isn't sharp. It's foolish. As a biology teacher you ought to know that."

Miss Maple was silent.

"If we were an elementary school," Tracy said, "well, maybe your idea would make sense. I personally don't think so, but at least you'd have a case. In a high school, though, it's silly; and it's making a laughing stock out of us. If I know Sugrue, he'll keep hammering until one of the national magazines picks it up. And that will be bad."

Miss Maple did not change her expression. "My stand," she said, "ought to be perfectly clear by now, Mr. Tracy.

*(continued on page 83)*

# CONFESSIONS OF AN AMERICAN BUTTON MAN

## *the facts behind the button and buckle fashion feud*

*satire* **BY SHEL SILVERSTEIN** ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR

We plan on buttoning up America . . .

DRIED UP? . . . Is that what they're saying in there? That I've lost my ideas? . . . Me? . . . Charley Barkus — the greatest idea man the button industry has ever known — all dried up? Ha! Just like the Atlantic Ocean is dried up . . . Just like the Hudson River is dried up.

Do you know who *is* dried up? Those smart guys in there . . . the Button Manufacturers of America . . . sitting on their fat behinds and chewing their fat cigars and squeezing their fat heads for an idea . . . just one fresh idea that might bring the button industry back from the edge of chaos.

A year ago they wouldn't have left me sitting out here . . . No sir! A year ago they'd have called for Charley Barkus, greatest idea man in the industry.

The Button Brain they called me . . . and why not . . .

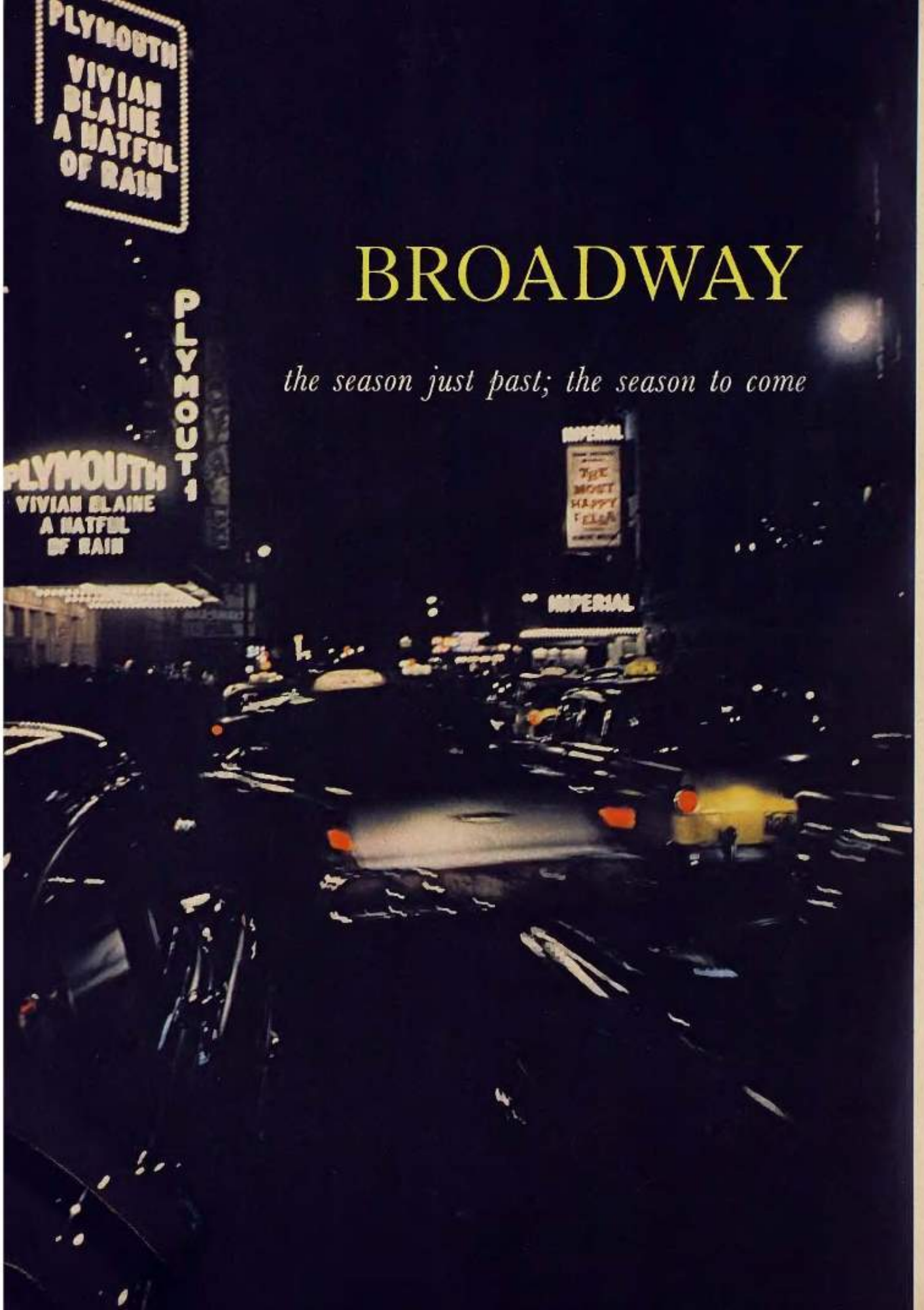
Who was it invented the game "Button, Button, Who's Got the Button?" Who was it wrote the song *Button Up Your Overcoat*? Who was it saved the industry during the depression by promoting "Tiddly Winks" into a national pastime? Eh? Charley Barkus, that's who — Ol' Button Brain Barkus!

And what happened during World War II, when I answered the call to arms? Why the button industry just naturally fell apart, that's what happened. The double-breasted suit went out; two-button suits came into vogue, then one-button suits and zipper flies and French cuffs and elastic-top pants and slipover sweaters.

I tell you, when I returned to civilian life (after distinguishing myself with the great wartime slogan, "Button Your Lip"), I found the country wrapped up

*(concluded on page 73)*

. . . They intend to buckle it down.

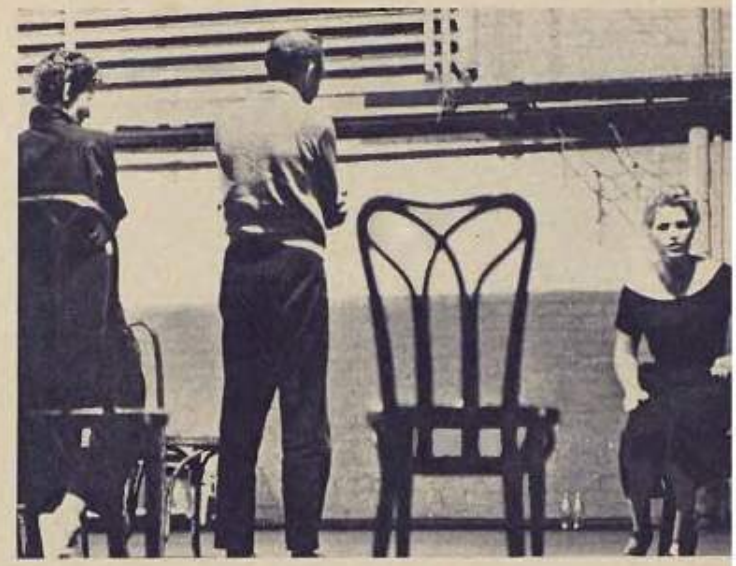



# BROADWAY

*the season just past; the season to come*

*My Fair Lady* made box-office history when scalpers began getting $120 per pair for tickets to this Rex Harrison-Julie Andrews smash.

Judy Holliday rehearses her starring part in the Comden and Green musical, *The Bells are Ringing*, under Jerome Robbins' direction.



Gwen Verdon writhed sinuously in the background of many a Hollywood musical; was noticed by Broadway in a second-lead roll in *Can-Can*; shot to stardom last season in *Damn Yankees* as the tempting Lola. In the corner, that *Most Happy Fella*, Robert Weede, nuzzles Jo Sullivan.

# the season just past

By WOLCOTT GIBBS

AS A MAN who has been paid to write about the theatre for something like a quarter of a century, I should be reasonably equipped to deal with the offerings of a single season with authority, if not necessarily with any particular charm and wit. A critic, that is, full of the memories of a thousand plays (one of which, as it happens, he wrote himself) should have no real difficulty in evaluating the 55 that turned up on Broadway between the fall of 1955 and the spring of 1956. Life, however, is seldom as simple as it seems, and the human mind is rarely permitted any gain without an equivalent loss. There is nothing wrong with my powers of recall, and somewhat to my own horror, I can remember each of these productions almost as if I had visited it yesterday, but with the passing years, my judgment, I'm afraid, has grown increasingly detached, and my feeling for the stage, once so miraculously like that of a young man afflicted for the first time with love, is now rather more like that of a middle-aged husband. There is a settled affection for the loved one and a proper appreciation of her qualities, but I am aware also that she

*(continued on page 30)*

A work light glares on a bare stage as O'Neill's *Long Day's Journey into Night* has its first reading. Above, Fredric March tries a scene "without the book."

# the season to come

By WARD MOREHOUSE

BROADWAY, THE FAR-FAMED thoroughfare that bisects lower Manhattan, moves on to Union Square, sputters joyfully as it reaches the Forties and Fifties, and then goes along uneventfully toward Yonkers, is now engaged with a new theatrical season, that of 1956-57. It well might be the most exciting season New York has known since the 1920s. Its theatres are booming. Much that is interesting has already been unfolded at this writing, and there is a great deal more to come.

The new season will place an emphasis on youth, in that numerous young players are showing up in the playhouses; it will bring forth some elaborate musical comedies and revues, and it will also go in extensively for Bernard Shaw, the

*(continued on page 50)*

The musical version of Voltaire's *Candide* strikes snag number one in an early reading.

Thornton Wilder's *The Matchmaker* was a rewrite of his earlier *Merchant of Yonkers*, which was in turn based on an old French farce. Ruth Gordon (above, center, mouth open), "maybe the greatest humorist in the theatre, lifted the play right out of nowhere," in the opinion of Wolcott Gibbs. Below, in *Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?*, Jayne Mansfield, the show's original star, gets a bit more than a rub-down.

Waxing wacky in her ill-fated *Follies*, Tallulah ribs the Faustian *Damn Yankees* in a parody titled *The Year that Goethe Copped the Pennant*.

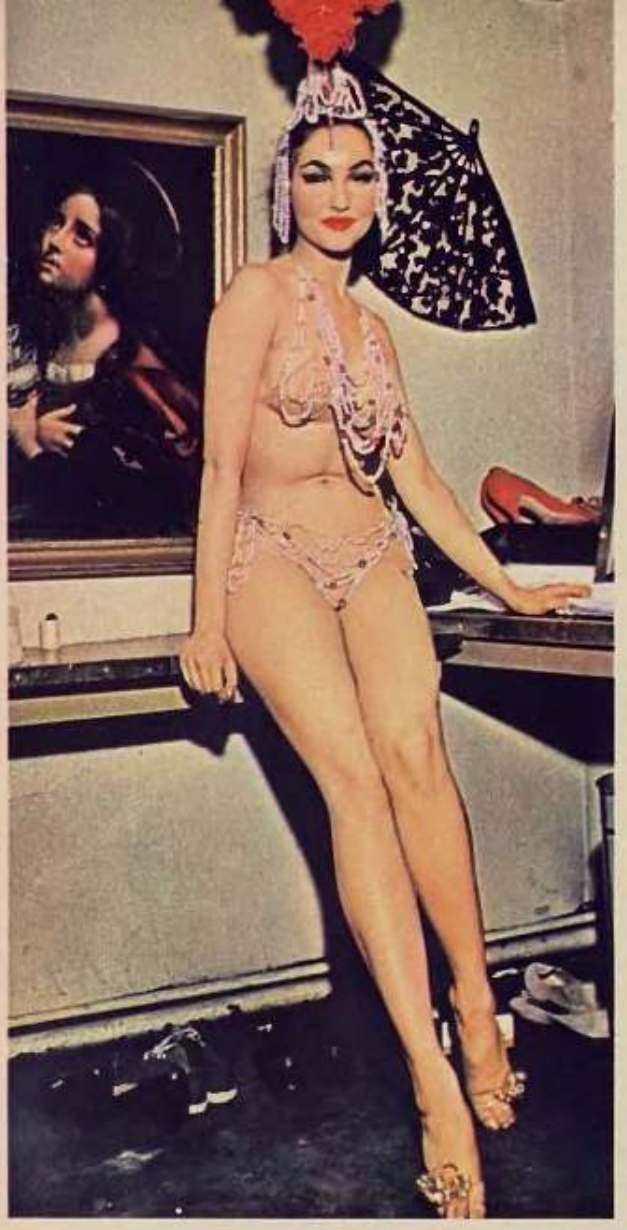
# tallulah's follies

## *an extravaganza broadway never saw*

SOMETIMES A SHOW with all the ingredients for a smash hit never gets to Broadway. Last season's most extravagant example of this cold, hard fact was a plush *Ziegfeld Follies* starring Tallulah Bankhead and featuring Carol *(Pajama Game)* Haney, Joan *(Kismet)* Diener, dances by Jack Cole, sets and costumes by Raoul Pene Dubois and scads of stunning showgirls. Suffering "financial problems" during out-of-town tryouts, the *Follies* closed in Philadelphia on May 12 without even making a bow on the Great White Way, causing Miss Bankhead much embarrassment and paving the way for a satire in this year's *New Faces*: descending a long staircase in true Ziegfeld fashion, a mock-Tallulah in the person of deft mimic T. C. Jones kept walking down, down, right into the black oblivion of a trapdoor.

Next year, Bea Lillie may step into the Bankhead brogans in a *Follies* which, say the new producers, "will *not*, in the main, resemble the one that failed to appear last season."

The phantom *Follies* was loaded with beautiful girls and fine talent. Ogling from left to right, we see a formally-attired Carol Haney; an almost-attired Julie Newmar, exotic showgirl in the great Ziegfeld tradition; and an exuberant high point from the number called *The Thing About Willie*, sung and danced by Beryl Towbin and Don Crichton. Other sketches and songs were contributed by stagewise pros like Ronnie Graham and Irving Berlin. To our right, on the facing page, a familiar opener "glorifying," in Ziegfeld's words, "the American girl."



Above: David Burns, veteran character actor and comic of stage and screen, lamps a couple of deep-breathing belles with the appreciative eyebone of the connoisseur. At left, sultry Julie Newmar gives her hard-working navel a rest in her dressing-room. Below: boys and girls together cut up backstage between curtains.

# BROADWAY... just past

*(continued from page 25)*

is occasionally a terrible bore and I am never really astonished by anything she does, either in the way of miracles or calamities. I go so tediously into my present attitude as a critic only because what I am about to write is in the nature of a minority report.

More hopeful and, I suspect, less clear eyed commentators than I, have observed that the recent New York theatrical season was one of the most brilliant in recorded history, marking, among many other gratifying things, the sudden, joyful renascence of an art form that most educated observers had considerd on its death bed, but honesty compels me to state that my own opinion is a little more temperate. For, though the season has conceivably been superior to those I have undergone in the past few years, it produced, with the solitary and bewitching exception of *My Fair Lady*, very little I can imagine treasuring up for my memoirs. I detected no magical rebirth but only a slight increase in general competence, and there were, as usual, at least 15 plays that made me want to lie down in the aisle and howl like a dog. We are stuck, therefore, with what I consider to be the facts of life as far as the American stage is concerned. You are, of course, compelled to read no further.

In the event, however, that you have decided to persist, the season, as I have said, was not greatly different from all the others I have known. The playwrights, as usual, struck me as dealers in a somewhat debased, though highly complex and arbitrary, literary form. They wrote of life, that is, with little of the real irony, subtlety or penetration that distinguishes the work of a good second-rate novelist (it has never, in fact, seemed to me that the average dramatist is comparable artistically with the author of a book of roughly equivalent stature), but they compensated to some extent for this failure to turn out prose of any special quality by the technical skill with which they met the difficult problems of their medium. To a reflective man, it must always appear little short of miraculous that a playwright can tell his story, whatever it may be, in almost precisely 120 minutes; that he is able to arrange, as a rule, a suitable climax for each of his three acts; and that, governed by the current economic necessities of the theatre, he is generally able to see to it that all his action takes place in an extremely limited area. It is not art, and it hasn't even much to do with what is commonly meant by the word "writing," but it is certainly sleight-of-hand of an impressive nature. The season that ended last spring was filled with just such demonstrations.

The acting was about customary, too. A great many celebrated people gave almost exactly the performances that have come to be expected of them. They behaved, that is, with a hard, brilliant, technical competence that is the result of a passionate, lifelong dedication to an art. They were admirable, but I can't remember any who was really astonishing. To be specific, for a change, I thought that the following were highly commendable, though for some reason not to be ranked with the kind of acting I will never forget. To take them up more or less in chronological order, Helen Hayes, succeeding Florence Eldridge in *The Skin of Our Teeth*, demonstrated again the kind of intelligence that makes her nearly incapable of making mistakes; a man called T. C. Jones did a burlesque of Tallulah Bankhead that struck me as the best sample I have ever seen of this erratic form; Shirley Booth, in *The Desk Set*, carried a remarkably tedious show on her astonishingly capable shoulders; Ruth Gordon, who may easily be the greatest humorist in the theatre, lifted Thornton Wilder's *The Matchmaker* right out of nowhere; the Lunts who, like Miss Hayes, seem to have been born with an instinctive knowledge of the stage, turned an extremely bad play into at least an acceptable one *(The Great Sebastians)*; and, of course, Rex Harrison and Julie Andrews were responsible for a kind of charm that you will be very fortunate to see again in your lifetime.

There were a great many performances for which I had only the mildest enthusiasm. One name that immediately comes to mind is that of Edward G. Robinson, whose work in *Middle of the Night* seemed to me almost unendurably monotonous, but there were at least equal offenders. There were deplorable efforts by Mary Martin and George Abbott, again in *The Skin of Our Teeth;* by Lois Smith in *The Young and the Beautiful;* by Sam Levene in a wracking piece of work called *The Hot Corner;* and by Mr. and Mrs. Hume Cronyn, who seemed to be going out of their way to be tedious in a play called *A Day by the Sea*. There were other bad actors, some of them nearly incomprehensible, like the leading participants in really singular exhibits known as *The Wooden Dish, Island of Goats, The Innkeepers, The Little Glass Clock, Deadfall, Debut* and *Wake Up, Darling*. We will go into none of the details of these offerings.

There were also efforts that struck me as meriting some degree of your serious attention. Susan Strasberg, who has the misfortune or grace to be exactly 18 years old, gave, in *The Diary of Anne Frank*, one of the most radiant and intelligent exhibitions I have ever seen; Michael Redgrave, in *Tiger at the Gates*, turned up with a powerful and original acting style that appears to be a special gift of the British; Andy Griffith, in *No Time for Sergeants*, seemed to have a personality peculiarly and fascinatingly his own; Nancy Walker, in the revival of Noel Coward's *Fallen Angels*, managed to turn that ancient comedy into something never dreamed of by the elf who wrote it in the first place; David Wayne contributed his own special humor to *The Ponder Heart*, a play that otherwise left a great deal to be desired; and a young actress named Siobhan McKenna was enormously effective in something called *The Chalk Garden*, a British import that has unusual wit but perhaps not a great deal of substance. There were several plays that should have been a good bit better than they were, but somehow struck me as failing to get quite the acting they deserved, among them an interesting piece by Arthur Miller known as *A View from the Bridge*, which shared the billing with a curtain-raiser entitled *Memory of Two Mondays; A Hatful of Rain; Time Limit; Mister Johnson;* and the highly controversial *Waiting for Godot*, about which it is interesting to note that Bert Lahr, who had the principal part, publicly announced that he hadn't the foggiest idea of what the damn thing was all about.

It is seldom my practice to visit the off-Broadway theatre on the ground that really good plays have a way of working their way uptown, but two revivals down there impressed me. One was a resurrection of O'Neill's *The Iceman Cometh*, which I thought somewhat superior to the original, and the other was a version of *Uncle Vanya*, which a very talented company made to seem almost completely contemporaneous. The Phoenix Theatre, down on Twelfth Street, had, I'm embarrassed to say, an almost perfect record for boring me to insanity, its programs consisting for the most part of players and entertainments that I suspect should never have been rescued from obscurity.

Leading the major disappointments of the season was, of course, Rodgers and Hammerstein's *Pipe Dream*, which was afflicted with one of the worst books ever written, the joint endeavor of Mr. Hammerstein and John Steinbeck. There were others, however, not very far behind, including a disaster called *The Vamp*, starring Carol Channing; *Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?*, which was as nearly as possible nothing at all; *Janus*, a vehicle for Margaret Sullavan, which had its public, though where these people came from is a considerable mystery to me; *Mr. Wonderful*, which would appear to demonstrate that an eccentric musical form is not enough; Orson Welles' highly personal rendition of *King Lear*, which was made even

*(concluded on page 50)*

*"And if everything goes well—next month, another sleeve."*

RALPH COWAN

# *wassail for the up-to-date host*

**BY THOMAS MARIO** *playboy's food & drink editor*

# Hot Holiday Cheer

IF THERE IS ONE bit of sage advice we can pass on to the December holiday host, it's this: Under no circumstances ask your friends what they want to drink.

If you do, you'll find yourself as busy as the proverbial bee but nowhere near as happy about it. One guest will demand a medium dry zombie. After he tastes it, in a very studied fashion of course, he'll shake his head and ask you to make it just a trifle drier. The guy who asked for arrack and soda will persist in saying that he is drinking more soda than arrack. Another will ask you to put a few more cloves in his syllabub, while his girlfriend will remind you that she ordered an archbishop and merely got a bishop. They'll buzz and fret relentlessly and there is only one antidote, proven successful down through the centuries—give them one thing to drink and make it hot.

Long before the modern ice age set in, long before people were drinking gin and nothing, they sat around the fireplace and celebrated the Saturnalia with long hot drinks. From the earliest English and Colonial times, cold December was the time for the warm Tom and Jerry served around the blazing hearth.

Naturally there are times when hot drinks are just the right thing to offer, and there are times when they are inappropriate. If, for instance, you're planning an office blowoff just before the holidays, you won't want to serve warm sherry flips in Colonial knobbed glassware to the roaring lads who've been waiting 12 months to unbend the bow. They'll want more potent gizzard fuel.

But after a long skiing party, when your fingers are numb with cold and your toes are tingling and the powder snow begins to blow through the key hole, nothing will reach your marrow quite as fast as a glass of hot toddy. For short informal gatherings on Christmas or New Year's Day, hot drinks are a perfect offering. Some of the rowdier boys who come with the dual purpose of creating a Feast of Fools and swigging until they completely fold up will soon let up on the throttle. Let them try to swallow a cup of boiling hot Swedish glögg in one gulp, and they'll quickly learn that the art of drinking is not necessarily the art of getting drunk. Or, if you've been having a marathon cocktail and highball party, and you want to signalize that it's over and still not be offensive, serve some hot buttered rum to everybody. Like passing the demi-tasse at the end of the dinner, it's a tactful way of telling your guests that the rumpus is over and it's time to settle one's brains for a long winter's nap, as they say. Certainly for the holiday warrior who wakes up the morning after with his insides feeling remarkably like a broken water main, a warm egg nog has always been a wonderful restorative.

Finally, before going to bed on a frosty night, the old fashioned hot drink is often a playboy's happiest libation. Give a girl a warm apple rum toddy in an old pewter mug, and you'll know, without staring too deeply, that her eyes have surely become moist. Her body may have been standoffish and her soul severe. But now without moving an inch closer you'll know that slowly and gracefully something is unlimbering. The hour may be too late for the holiday bells, but now, as she slowly turns the warm apple toddy between her fingertips, you'll both feel in your bodies the same insistent and in-

evitable rhythm.

As for the technique of preparing a hot-drink party, the main step is that your kitchen stove becomes the bar, and all drinks originate from that spot. If it's a small party, you can prepare your drinks at an electric table stove or in a chafing dish. For simplicity and cleanliness, however, the kitchen stove is the most practical. The hot drinks may be brought by pitcher or punch bowl into the living room to be ladled out or may be dispensed directly from the kitchen into the individual mugs.

Besides the liquor you'll want some fresh whole spices. Ground spices may be used but they tend to make the drinks somewhat cloudy and muddy looking. Whole spices produce the most vivid true flavors. If you happen to have some stick cinnamon left over from the Spanish American war, discard it and buy a fresh box. Any eggs for hot drink recipes should be the freshest large size. Butter should be sweet, not salted. Remember, too, that when you boil liquor, the alcohol evaporates. Bring the liquor up to the boiling point but do not actually boil it. For many recipes the double boiler with simmering water in the bottom section is the best utensil. Many hot drinks may be prepared in quantity beforehand. As a matter of fact when the mixture of liquor and spices is allowed to stand for an hour or so, there is a better blending of flavors than when served immediately. Naturally, the drinks cool upon standing and must be reheated before serving. Some drinks which contain beaten egg (like the Tom and Jerry) must be served at once or the egg foam will collapse.

For serving hot drinks the best known containers are the traditional Tom and Jerry cups which are merely thick handled pottery mugs very much like old fashioned shaving mugs. At some parties genuine shaving mugs, now becoming a collector's item, are used. For drinks like hot mulled wine, thick glass cups or crystal punch cups with handle are preferred. The conventional silver or silver-plated cups which are part of a punch bowl set may also be used. But if the handles are not insulated, they may become uncomfortably hot. Pewter mugs with wicker handles will keep the brew hot and keep your fingers from burning at the same time. If you don't want to invest in a special service for your hot-drink party, you may use ordinary coffee cups although they make the drink seem a little prosaic. Demi-tasse cups are more urbane, and the refills will keep the warming glow alive. For some drinks, like hot toddy or the Tom and Jerry, an old style glass with a thick bottom is an excellent form of service. Glass, unlike metal, will not affect the flavor of even the most delicate spice or liquor.

No elaborate foods are necessary to serve with hot holiday drinks. Small hard cookies like lebkuchen, pfefferneusse or almond macaroons are traditional. Equally good are slices of a fine moist brandied fruit cake. If you want to serve sandwiches, only one kind—ham—is appropriate. Glazed Smithfield ham or plain baked ham sliced very thin on buttered white or whole wheat bread, followed by strong hot fresh coffee and cream are affable finales for the hot drink party.

PLAYBOY takes issue with some of the conventional recipes for drinks like hot toddy or hot buttered rum. Most of these old time formulas call for combinations of liquor, spices and water—a large quantity of water. You are often told to put a jigger of liquor in the glass and then fill with boiling $H_2O$. PLAYBOY, in some of the recipes below, tends to reverse this proportion. The liquor body and flavor predominate with a relatively small amount of water as a stretcher—like the seltzer added to a cocktail or the water that dilutes liquor when it is shaken with ice. Sometimes in hot drink recipes you will find directions for stirring the drink with stick cinnamon instead of a spoon. It's a cute idea but not always practical. Most stick cinnamon sold in a box is about two inches long. When you immerse it in the drink, you may burn your fingers at the same time unless you're very careful. For most hot drinks which call for cinnamon, a one-inch stick, steeped in the hot liquid for a minute or two, will provide adequate flavor.

It's a good idea when serving hot drinks to rinse the mugs with very hot water or scalding water just before filling them. This keeps the hot drinks hot as long as possible.

A few of the old recipes for hot holiday swizzle are now quite outdated and simply not suited to modern American tastes. The original English wassail bowl, for instance, consisting of hot wine, ale, eggs and baked apples has never caught on in this country. Young merrymakers greeting 1957 will not entertain themselves or their friends by serving country syllabub, a bowl of sugar, lemon juice, spices, wine and brandy placed under a cow which is then milked until the bowl is full. Each of the modern wassail formulas below is adapted for easy off-the-cuff entertaining.

### HOT BUTTERED RUM
*(1 drink)*

2 whole cloves
2 whole allspice
1 inch stick cinnamon
1 teaspoon sugar
1½ ounces hot light rum
½ ounce hot dark Jamaica rum
2 ounces boiling water
1 teaspoon sweet butter

Put the cloves, allspice, stick cinnamon and sugar in a mug with a tablespoon or two of boiling water. Let the mixture stand 5 minutes. Add the hot rum (two kinds), the boiling water and butter. Stir until butter dissolves. Add more sugar if desired.

### HOT TODDY
*(1 drink)*

1 teaspoon sugar
3 whole cloves
1 inch stick cinnamon
1 thin slice lemon
2 ounces hot bourbon
2 ounces boiling water
Ground nutmeg

In a heavy mug put the sugar, cloves, stick cinnamon and slice of lemon. Add 2 tablespoons boiling water. Stir well. Let the mixture stand about 5 minutes. Add the hot bourbon and the 2 ounces of boiling water. Stir. Sprinkle lightly with nutmeg. Any preferred liquor such as rye, applejack or rum may be substituted for the bourbon. To make apple rum toddy use 1 ounce of applejack and 1 ounce of rum in place of the bourbon in the above recipe.

### TOM AND JERRY
*(8 drinks)*

Most Tom and Jerry recipes call for separating the egg yolks from the whites and beating each separately. If you have an electric blender, however, you can beat the whole eggs and get a fine foamy mixture. You can get the same results if you have a good hand rotary egg beater and enough muscle power.

2 large eggs
¼ cup sugar
2 ounces dark Jamaica rum
½ teaspoon ground cinnamon
¼ teaspoon ground cloves
1 pint hot rye or hot bourbon
1 quart hot milk

Beat the whole eggs in an electric blender. When the eggs are just beginning to get stiff, gradually and slowly add the sugar. Continue beating until the mixture is very stiff and light lemon-yellow in color. Add the rum, cinnamon and cloves. Beat a moment more to blend spices. Spoon the batter into Tom and Jerry mugs. Add 2 ounces of rye or bourbon to each mug. Fill mug with hot milk. Stir and serve.

### MULLED SCOTCH
*(1 drink)*

2 ounces hot Scotch
1 ounce hot Drambuie
2 dashes bitters
1 ounce boiling water
1 maraschino cherry
Piece of lemon peel

Into an Old Fashioned glass pour the Scotch, Drambuie, bitters and boiling water. Stir. Add the cherry. Twist the lemon peel over the liquor, then discard

*(concluded on page 82)*

*"Well, I haven't any experience, but don't you have some sort of on-the-job training program?"*

*"John! John! Your creepie-peepie is on!"*

*fiction* BY ROBERT SLATER

# THE BITCH IN HEAT

*in this corner, defending her title — wilhelmina*

THE NOISY RESTAURANT was the duplicate of all the other coffee shops on campus: groups of bespectacled, untidy male students blew crumbs at each other in an excited exchange of moist ideas; young lovers in sweaters bent heads together, their cups and plates pushed away untouched; lone graduate students chewed food and read solemnly from big books.

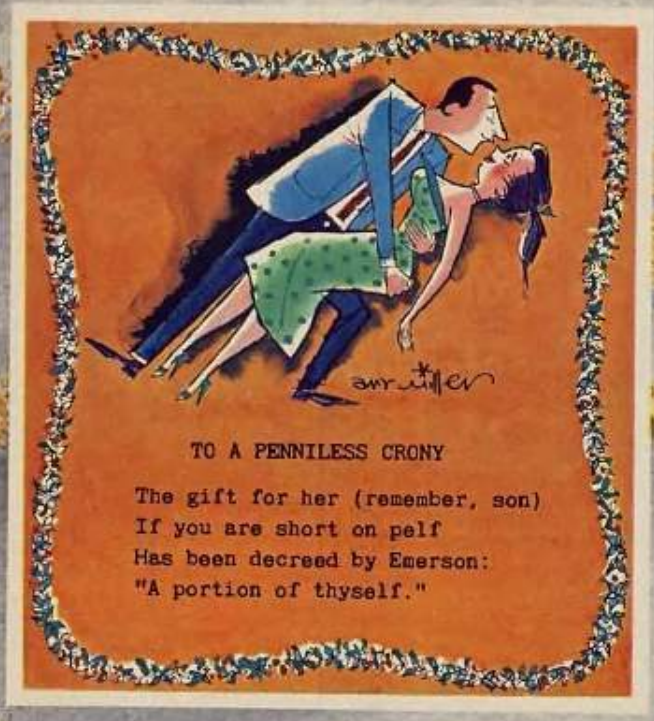
The boy who shared his booth with the most beautiful girl in the room—a thin dark girl with perfect lips and large calm eyes—knew she was bored with him. Disinterestedly she had watched him make his play: he had taken her out five times; he had borrowed and begged money from fraternity brothers so that she might eat and drink and dance with him in the finest places. He was a lover

*(continued on page 40)*

"Is that the girl?" she asked.

TERMAN

# Playboy's Christmas Cards


TO A PENNILESS CRONY
The gift for her (remember, son)
If you are short on pelf
Has been decreed by Emerson:
"A portion of thyself."

## TO A WASTE OF TIME

Christmas comes but once a year.
I more frequently, I fear,
Come to you with gift in tow,
Giving much and getting no
Thanks except a chilly smile,
A token kiss, a rather vile
Martini and a flat farewell
When midnight tolls its lengthy knell.
My Yuletide greeting's quickly said:
Drop, at your convenience, dead.

*Verses* **BY RAY RUSSELL**

## TO A WEALTHY CRONY

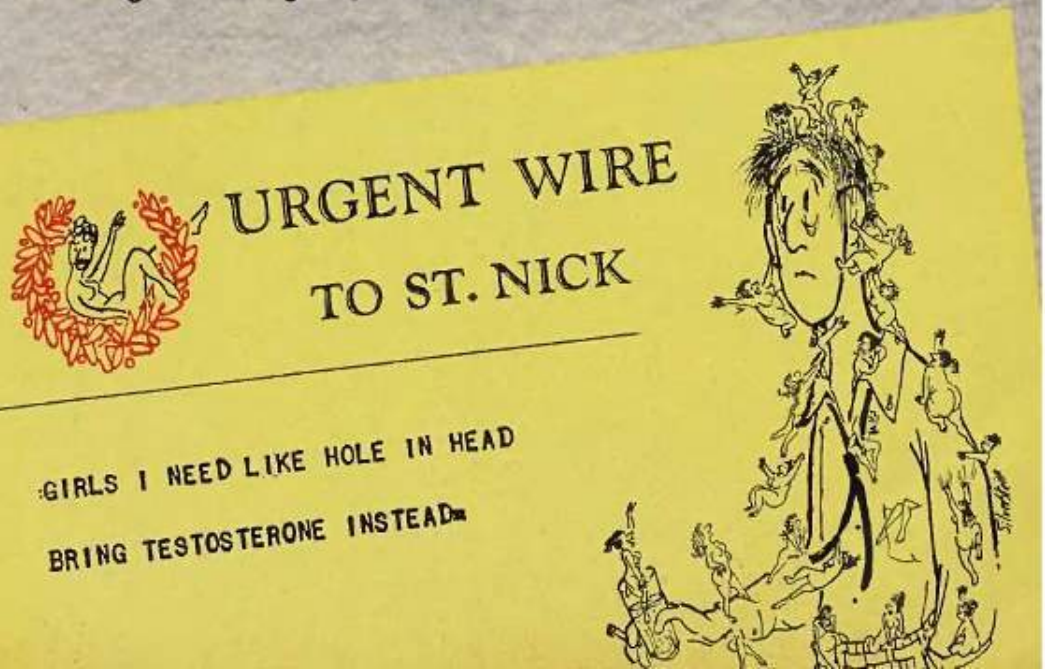
To lure to your lair maidens fetching,
For the principal purpose of leching,
A tree decorated
And artfully baited
With gems has it over an etching.

## TO A FRIED CHICK

Good for you, my sozzled wench!
Already you've begun to drench
Yuletide woe with Yuletide whiskey,
Thereby turning gay and frisky,
Routing care and dull remorse.
'Tis a tactic I endorse!
Bottoms up, my pie-eyed pet—
May all your Christmases be wet.

Jack Cole

*missives and missiles for the jolly season*



## BITCH IN HEAT *(continued from page 37)*

with imagination, so he had taken her too to the small dark romantic spots, where candles and violins were absolutely guaranteed to warm the coldest blood.

And this, he knew, was the last time she would consent to even sit with him. He had failed, as those others he knew had failed before him.

She sat there quietly as the boy watched her, his paint stained hands resting uncertainly on the edge of the table. The story he had just finished telling her had exhausted his carefully researched small talk. Now he had nothing but himself to hold her interest, and he was hard put to it.

The flow of students in and out of the double doors was interrupted momentarily when the restaurant doors were pushed open just wide enough for a young woman to enter sideways. Her dress was tight and of a cut and shade of red that set her apart from the student group. She wore bangs, and her brown hair was lank about her full face.

"Hey, Willie," the boy said, relief shading his voice, "that's her, up there now."

The girl turned her head to stare at the door. "Which one?" she said. "Which one is she?"

The young woman's fixed smile was uncertain as she stopped to survey the restaurant. When she saw Lew looking at her over the top of his booth she moved directly toward him, brushing against a waitress on the way.

"Murphy," she said, "Murphy, you old bat."

"Sit here with us," Lew said to her. "Willie, this is Doll. She works up in Fine Arts with us."

Doll concentrated on arranging her skirt as she sat down. It was her unconscious habit to rub her nose briskly with her forefinger, and she did this as she looked first at Lew and then Wilhelmina.

"Hi," Wilhelmina said. "Lew's spoken of you."

"I bet it's nothing good," she said, laughing and rubbing her nose. "I bet that old bat hasn't been telling you nothing good."

"Not at all," Wilhelmina said earnestly. "Of the best."

"Naturally," Lew said, handing his notebook and books across the table to Wilhelmina, to make more room on his side of the booth.

Doll leaned her elbows on the table and looked around the room, studying the occupants of the surrounding booths. The dark girl had lost her indifference. She sat upright now, her head lifted, emphasizing the fine beautiful lines of her thin neck.

Lew signaled the waitress. "What do you want with your coffee?" he asked Doll.

She looked to see what they were eating, but their plates were empty. "Oh, just coffee," she said, fumbling with her purse. She took out a pack of cigarettes and Lew lit one of his kitchen matches for her.

"I don't get out for coffee very much," she said to Wilhelmina, "but right now I really need some. I started early today. I suppose Murphy told you I'm a model?"

(Good body, Lew had said. But we don't fool around with her because we're not sure she can be trusted.)

"How do you like the work?" Wilhelmina asked her, leaning forward with a look of mock interest. Under the table Lew kicked her foot.

"It's all right," Doll said. "They pay good. Well, they pay fairly good: two-fifty an hour."

(We all complained to her, Lew had said, that she hadn't wished any of us Merry Christmas. Well, after the holidays, when she took off her kimono to pose, we saw that she had painted "Merry" on her stomach in red, and "Xmas" on her buttocks.)

Doll's coffee came and she looked down, watching the waitress clear a place for it. She helped her, lifting her cigarette package and sweeping tobacco grains off the table with the flat of her hand.

"I know what I wanted to tell you," Lew said to Wilhelmina. "You remember that guy in our house who never wears socks? You know, Art Allen?"

Wilhelmina was watching Doll who was studying the coeds in the other booths again. She stared at the booths across from her, eyes moving down and up, memorizing costumes, learning gestures.

"Well, he was taking that rich Marianne Logan to a formal the other night, so he came in and borrowed some India ink from me to paint his ankles black."

"How's business?" Wilhelmina said to Doll. "Your classes pretty crowded?"

(It's against the rules, Lew had said, but everyone brings his friends to the life classes. One way to make sure you're pledged is to sign up for that life class.)

"Yes," Doll said, "we're awfully busy. Seems like there are always more students than the day before."

Wilhelmina chuckled sympathetically and lifted her eyebrows at Lew. Then she resumed her interested look. "Don't you ever get cold?" she asked, politely solicitous. "I should think you'd catch cold."

"Oh, no," Doll said professionally. "We stop and rest every twenty minutes. And I wear a kimono from the dressing room to the class." She laughed. "I never caught cold yet."

Lew felt for Wilhelmina's foot again as he signaled the waitress for more coffee.

"No," Wilhelmina said, putting her chin in her hand, "but how does it feel? How does it feel, not to have any clothes on and all those people looking at you?"

Doll lifted her cup with both hands. She looked at Lew and then Wilhelmina. "Why, I don't know," she said.

"Have you read that play Judkins assigned?" Lew asked Wilhelmina.

"I'd hate it, I think," Wilhelmina said, leaning back and hugging herself. "I'd hate it, all those men staring at me naked."

"You've got the wrong idea," Lew said. He winked at Doll. "The men who paint wear plenty of clothes."

They all laughed. Doll chuckled loudly, and made as if to slap herself on the thigh. "Ha, ha," she said. "Cliché—you got her there, all right."

Wilhelmina looked up quickly. "Oh," she said. There was a pause. "Oh, you speak French?"

Doll put an uneasy hand to her straight hair.

"Willie," Lew said, "die with that, will you?"

Wilhelmina leaned over to Doll confidingly. "Tell me," she said, darting an impersonal glance at Lew, as if he were sitting across the room, out of earshot, "tell me, Doll. Do they ever make passes at you?"

Doll laughed. "They better not," she said. "Those college boys better not get fresh with me."

Lew stood up. "We're going to be late for Judkins' class," he said to Wilhelmina. "We've only got five minutes to get up there."

"Oh, I want to talk to Doll," she said. "You go along, Lew. I think I'll cut today."

He sat down.

"Doll," Wilhelmina said, "don't you do anything else? I mean, do you work or anything?"

"Well," Doll said, pausing to puff on her cigarette, "confidentially, I'm just doing this temporarily." She and Wilhelmina were wonderful friends. "I'm just posing until I get an office job. I got an office job coming up with an insurance company." She rubbed her nose. "I got my application in."

"What color is that?" Wilhelmina said to her, pointing to her fingernails. Wilhelmina pointed with her little finger, the nail of which was polished and shaded a clear pink.

Doll held one chapped hand over the table, palm down, then put it in her lap. "Oh, I don't know." She laughed. "Isn't it awful? I put it on last night to go to a dance. That's one thing about this job, you get a lot of dates. I'm out almost every night. Last night I went to the Ballroom with Phil Barone. He belongs

*(concluded on page 74)*

# WINTERS' WELCOME

## *holiday greetings from a playmate in miami*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BUNNY YEAGER

THE FIRST TIME photographer Bunny Yeager saw Lisa Winters, she was hurrying to catch a bus in downtown Miami, Florida. Lisa is the kind of fresh, young beauty that photographers all across the country are constantly looking for as prospective Playmates and Bunny tried to catch her, but the bus was gone before she could. Fortunately for all concerned, Bunny is a persistent gal, and she returned to that same corner, the same time of day, three afternoons in a row before she spotted Lisa again. This time she spoke to her and since Bunny herself is an attractive model, as well as one of the nation's outstanding female photographers, she was able to gain Lisa's confidence without some of the difficulty a male lensman might have encountered in the same situation.

Despite her striking beauty, Lisa had never worked as a model and

# *miss december spends a balmy yule poolside*

was not interested in becoming one, but she agreed to pose as a Playmate for Bunny. When the editors here saw Bunny's test shots, we gave a most enthusiastic "go ahead" and asked for more information.

Lisa is 19. She is 5'2" tall, weighs 106 pounds and measures 35"-23"-35" from either direction. Her parents are English and Irish, she loves to read and spends at least one day a week in the public library. Her special favorites are the love poems of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, *Sonnets from the Portuguese* and she is also very partial to Poe, Hemingway and Kipling.

She calls herself a "home girl" and says, "I've never been any good at sports. I'm more the type to sit by the fire with a good book or a man." She likes her men tall—the taller the better: she likes to feel "protected." Her man must have a sense of humor; she dislikes pettiness in anyone; she loves people, pretty shoes, spaghetti, chocolate ice cream, fried chicken and short vacations.

MISS DECEMBER
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

MISS DECEMBER
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The sophisticated lady was approached on the dance floor by a gentleman slightly her junior.

"I'm sorry," she said in a superior tone, "but I couldn't dance with a child."

"Oh, I'm sorry," he said. "I didn't know your condition."

The ship's captain returned from a two-year voyage to find his wife nursing a month old baby. "Who did this?" he demanded. "Was it my friend Mike Fitzpatrick?"

"No," his wife said softly.

"Well then, was it my friend Bob Bigelow?"

His wife shook her head.

"Bill Connery," he demanded, "could it have been my friend Bill Connery?"

"*Your* friends, *your* friends," his wife said impatiently, "all the time, *your* friends. Don't you think I have any friends of my own?"

A wise man has observed that people who live in glass houses shouldn't.

The two office workers were complaining about the short lunch hours.

"The boss takes an hour-and-a-half every day and expects us to get by on thirty minutes," said Tom.

"If I had an extra fifteen, I could go home for lunch," agreed Bill.

"The boss is never around at noon. Why don't we just *take* the extra fifteen minutes," Tom suggested.

Bill agreed and that very day he went home for lunch. Naturally his wife wasn't expecting him and when he didn't find her in the front part of the house, Bill looked in the bedroom. When he opened the door, he discovered his wife in bed with his boss. Bill backed out of the room quietly, slipped out of the house without being noticed, and hurried back to the office.

The following morning Tom asked him if he was going to take the extra fifteen minutes again that day.

"Hell, no," said Bill. "I almost got caught yesterday."

The unusually high birthrate in a suburb near our city was recently explained to us. Every morning at 6:15 the Express comes roaring through town blowing its whistle.

It's too early to get out of bed, and too late to go back to sleep.

Returning from the funeral of his beautiful wife, the widower was disconsolate.

"I know how deeply grieved you are," his best friend said, "but you're young and in time you will forget. You'll meet someone else with whom you will share real happiness."

"I know, I know," said the husband, "but what about *tonight*?"

The new American ambassador to the Far Eastern country called on the Emperor to present his credentials. During his official visit, he was disturbed by the presence of a number of comely, near-nude maidens wandering about the palace, but hoping to restrict the conversation to matters of state, he asked, "Your Highness, when was the last time you had an election here?"

"Ah," said the Emperor with a smile and a sly wink, "just befo' blekfast."

*Heard any good ones lately? Send your favorites to Party Jokes Editor,* PLAYBOY, *11 E. Superior St., Chicago 11, Ill., and earn an easy five dollars for each joke used. In case of duplicates, payment goes to first received. Jokes cannot be returned.*

Special
Panties
1.95

## BROADWAY . . . just past

*(continued from page 30)*

odder by the circumstance that the star was compelled to operate from a wheel chair; and *The Most Happy Fella*, which, in my indignant minority opinion, was very dull indeed.

I have purposely avoided any discussion of the year's directors since an experience of my own has taught me that it is almost impossible to determine the respective contributions made by actors and writers as opposed to the man who theoretically instructs them how to behave. Six or seven years ago, it was my innocent habit to credit a separate, important magic to the people who handled the staging. After a lengthy experience with Burgess Meredith, who performed this service for a comedy of mine, I am convinced that almost nobody unconnected with a production has even the slightest idea of who is responsible for what, and that it is quite foolish and presumptuous for him to pretend that he has. If there is any unmistakable seal that marks the work of one director over another, I am hopelessly incompetent to identify it. So much for that.

If the season was really marked by anything I should say that it was brilliant and economical scenic designing. I think especially of Boris Aronson's really magnificent settings for *A View from the Bridge*, Oliver Smith's almost equally lovely work on *My Fair Lady*, and Loudon Sainthill's classic contribution to *Tiger at the Gates*, but there were a great many more. It was a year of astonishing pictorial beauty in the theatre.

The general trend in the current theatre — if there is any — is toward the kind of writing that will preserve it as a separate medium, as distinguished from moving pictures and television. There are obviously a great many plays that can still be sold to rival media, and far too many men who are only too anxious to do so. However, it is hard to say how an expensive art form that, contrasted with television, depends on a certain amount of physical mobility on the part of the spectator, and, as contrasted with the cinema, often calls for extremely inconvenient hours, can hope to compete indefinitely with either of them, unless it offers something that a rigid code of morals and the simplest plotting and characterization will never be in a position to furnish. Most of the minds I have met in the theatre world vastly prefer something like *Janus* to, say, the works of Tennessee Williams, but the choice, I'm afraid, is no longer theirs. It has come down to a question either of writing for people who are not only comparatively solvent and willing to brave the terrible climate of Times Square, but even determined to see some recognizable fragment of human experience, or else of going out of business, or even taking up some cleaner and more rational line of work.

The effect of all this on the theatre has not been to achieve anything much in the way of better writing (I give you again *The Great Sebastians* here), but it has had the result of forcing most playwrights to think on slightly more advanced levels than *It Happened One Night*, and compelling producers to put on works the majority of which I'm sure are deeply repugnant to them. It has even forced a whole army of actors to adopt techniques that are surely foreign to their picturesque dispositions and to perform in a manner that Hollywood would consider a calamity at the box-office. As I've said, the legitimate stage has failed by far to meet its proper responsibilities; it has simply answered a challenge of a sort. The ladies and gentlemen connected with it have not really been virtuous; they have merely yielded to expediency.

It seems to me now that what has been said about *My Fair Lady* is far from adequate. Mr. Shaw's *Pygmalion* was a coldly intellectual exercise, expressing alike his contempt for physical love and the British social system, along with his unique enthusiasm for the doubtful science of phonetics. It would be hard to imagine a piece of writing with less apparent dramatic quality, but Alan Jay Lerner and Frederick Loewe have somehow managed both to contrive a piece that is practically guaranteed not to disturb the most fanatic Shavian and also to furnish the rest of us with some of the happiest memories we will ever acquire. The tune called *The Rain in Spain* is a lovely song by anybody's standards; the fact that Eliza is clearly committed to Professor Higgins at the end is only a sensible and very winning contradiction to one of Shaw's notorious perversities; and, surprisingly enough, almost nothing is lost of the fundamentally literary humor of the original. Contradicting something I just said, there can be no denying the taste and intelligence that Moss Hart, who directed, has shown in effecting so astonishing a change. Altogether, it is one of the supreme collaborations of our time.

To some extent, the same qualities are visible in *The Diary of Anne Frank*, *A View from the Bridge*, *The Chalk Garden*, *Tiger at the Gates*, *No Time for Sergeants*, *The Matchmaker* and *The Lark*. They all seem to be the result of thoughtfully combined and affectionate effort. I don't know what more can be asked of any workers in the theatre.

The other productions of the season just past were called *Catch a Star*, *The Carefree Tree*, *A Roomful of Roses*, *The Heavenly Twins*, *Six Characters in Search of an Author*, *Red Roses for Me*, *The Righteous Are Bold*, *Miss Julie*, *Affair of Honor*, *The Innkeepers*, *The Littlest Revue*, *Tamburlaine*, *The Little Glass Clock*, *A Month in the Country*, *The Lovers*, *Shangri-La*, Moliere's *Le Bourgeoise Gentilhomme* (in French, of course), and more or less solo performances by Marcel Marceau, Joyce Grenfell and Maurice Chevalier. Whatever merit any of the aforementioned material had was almost imperceptible to me.

Finally, there are — or were when this was written — no less than five holdovers from the season of 1955-56. Their titles: *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*, *Damn Yankees*, *Inherit the Wind*, *Fanny* and *The Pajama Game*. By this time, they all ought to be well enough known to you to require no comment. In any case, it has begun to occur to me that I must be very close to the end of your patience.

## BROADWAY . . . to come

*(continued from page 27)*

most spectacular dramatist of our century, and for Eugene O'Neill, who came along in 1920 to set the style and change the pace for playwrights of the time. He exerted an enormous influence as he put vigor and poetry and mysticism into his writing. It was with his emergence that the American theatre acquired greater maturity and vitality than it had enjoyed before.

O'Neill's four-hour autobiographical drama, *Long Day's Journey Into Night*, packed with incisive dialogue and powerful in many sequences, and starring Mr. and Mrs. Fredric March, is slated for the trim little Helen Hayes Theatre. It's entirely probable that O'Neill's *Marco Millions* will be revived; an off-Broadway group will be presenting a series of his short plays, and a musical version of *Anna Christie*, called *New Girl in Town*, is definitely scheduled for next spring.

New-season musical pieces will include *Li'l Abner*, a gay charade based on Al Capp's comic strip character, with Edie Adams as star, and *Candide*, the musical version of the Voltaire classic, prepared by Lillian Hellman and Leonard Bernstein, featuring Max Adrian and Robert Rounsville. And then there are such important projects as *Bells Are Ringing* starring Judy Holliday, which will be reaching the Shubert just about the time this issue of PLAYBOY strikes the newsstands, and *Happy Hunting* which is coming into the Majestic Theatre. The latter brings Ethel Merman back to the frenzy of Manhattan after some months of comparative placidity in Denver, liv-

*(continued on page 58)*

# THE CHRISTMAS EVE SUPPER

Ribald Classic

## An amusing tale by the French storyteller, Guy de Maupassant

"THE CHRISTMAS EVE SUPPER! Oh, no, I shall never go in for that again!" Stout Henri Templier, the writer, said that in a furious voice, as if someone had proposed some crime to him, while the others laughed and said:

"What are you flying into a rage about?"

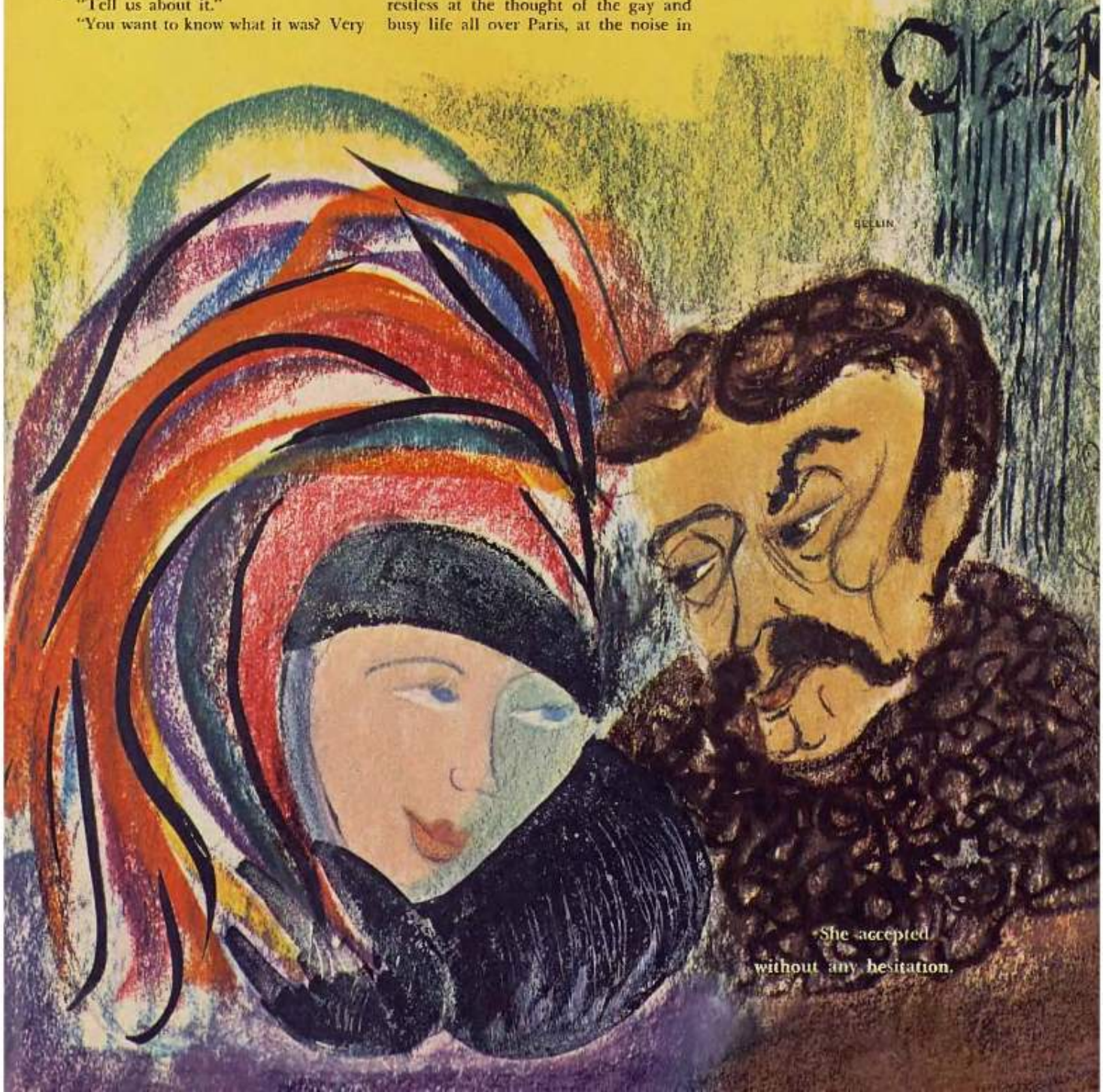
"Because a Christmas Eve supper played me the dirtiest trick in the world, and ever since I have felt an insurmountable horror for that night of imbecile gaiety."

"Tell us about it."

"You want to know what it was? Very well then, just listen.

"You remember how cold it was two years ago at Christmas; cold enough to kill poor people in the streets? The Seine was covered with ice; the pavements froze one's feet through the soles of one's shoes, and the whole world seemed to be at the point of congealing.

"I had a big piece of work on and refused every invitation to supper, as I preferred to spend the night at my writing table. I dined alone and then began to work. But about ten o'clock I grew restless at the thought of the gay and busy life all over Paris, at the noise in



She accepted without any hesitation.

the streets which reached me in spite of everything, at my neighbors' preparations for supper which I heard through the walls. I hardly knew any longer what I was doing; I wrote nonsense, and at last I came to the conclusion that I had better give up all hope of producing any good work that night.

"I walked up and down my room; I sat down and got up again. I was certainly under the mysterious influence of the enjoyment outside, and I resigned myself to it. So I rang for my servant and said to her:

" 'Angela, go and get a good supper for two: some oysters, a cold partridge, some crayfish, ham and some cakes. Put out two bottles of champagne, lay the cloth and go to bed.'

"She obeyed in some surprise, and when all was ready I put on my greatcoat and went out. The great question remained: 'Whom was I going to bring in to supper?' My female friends had all been invited elsewhere, and if I had wished to have one I ought to have seen about it beforehand. So I thought that I would do a good action at the same time and said to myself:

" 'Paris is full of poor and pretty girls who will have nothing on the table tonight and who are on the lookout for some generous fellow. I will act the part of Providence to one of them this evening, and I will hunt till I find one to my taste.' So I started off on my search.

"I certainly found many poor girls who were on the lookout for some adventure, but they were ugly enough to give a man a fit of indigestion, or thin enough to freeze in their tracks if they stopped, and you all know that I have a weakness for buxom women. The more flesh they have, the better I like them, and a female colossus would be my ideal.

"Of course, my preference for Junoesque women was working against me. On such short notice, I could not approach a woman of quality – nor even a *bourgeoise*. Only poor, starving creatures would hear me out. And starving creatures are not, in my experience, buxom.

"Suddenly, opposite the Théâtre des Variétés, I saw a figure to my liking. I trembled with pleasure and said:

" 'By Jove! What a fine body!'

"It only remained for me to see her face, for a woman's face, I always say, is the dessert.

"I hastened on, overtook her and turned round suddenly under a gas lamp. She was charming: quite young, dark, with large, black eyes, and I immediately made my proposition which she accepted without any hesitation.

"A quarter of an hour later we were sitting at supper in my lodgings. 'Oh, how comfortable it is here,' she said as she came in. She looked about her with evident satisfaction at having found a supper and a bed on that bitter night. She was superb—so beautiful and so buxom that she fairly captivated me.

"She took off her cloak and hat, sat down and began to eat, but she seemed in low spirits, and sometimes her pale face twitched as if she were suffering from hidden sorrow.

" 'Have you anything troubling you?' I asked her.

" 'Bah! Don't let us think of troubles!'

"And she began to drink. She emptied her champagne glass at a draught, filled it again and emptied it again without stopping, and soon a little color came into her cheeks and she began to laugh.

"I adored her already, kissed her continually and discovered that she was neither stupid nor common nor coarse as ordinary streetwalkers are. I asked her for some details about her life, but she replied:

" 'Dear boy, that is no business of yours!'

"At last it was time to retire, and while I was clearing the table, which had been laid in front of the fire, she undressed herself quickly and got in. My neighbors were making a terrible din, singing and laughing like lunatics, and so I said to myself:

" 'I was quite right to go out and bring in this girl; I should never have been able to do any work.'

"At this moment, however, a deep groan made me look around, and I said:

" 'What is the matter with you, my dear?'

"She did not reply but continued to utter painful sighs, as if she were suffering horribly, and I continued:

" 'Do you feel ill?' And suddenly she uttered a cry, a heart-rending cry, and I rushed up to the bed with a candle in my hand.

"Her face was distorted with pain, and she was wringing her hands, panting and uttering long, deep groans which sounded like a rattle in the throat and were painful to hear. I asked her in consternation:

" 'What is the matter with you? Do tell me what is the matter.'

" 'Oh, the pain! The pain!' she said. I pulled up the bedclothes and saw, my friends, that she was in labor.

"Then I lost my head and ran and knocked at the wall with my fists, shouting 'Help! Help!'

"My door was opened almost immediately, and a crowd of people came in, men in evening clothes, women in full dress, harlequins, Turks, musketeers; and the motley crowd startled me so that I could not explain myself, while they who had thought that some accident had happened or that a crime had been committed could not understand what was the matter. At least, however, I managed to say:

" 'This—this—woman—is giving birth!'

"Then they looked at her and gave their opinions. A friar, especially, declared that he knew all about it and wished to assist nature, but as they were all as drunk as pigs I was afraid that they would kill her. So I rushed downstairs to fetch an old doctor who lived in the next street. When I came back with him the whole house was up: the gas on the stairs had been relighted; the lodgers from every floor were in my room, while four boatmen were finishing my champagne and crayfish.

"As soon as they saw me they raised a loud shout. A milkmaid presented me with a horrible little wrinkled specimen of humanity that was mewing like a cat and said to me:

" 'It is a girl.'

"The doctor examined the woman, declared that she was in a dangerous state, and took his leave, saying he would immediately send a sick nurse and a wet nurse. An hour later the two women came, bringing all that was requisite with them.

"I spent the night in my armchair, too distracted to be able to think of the consequences, and almost as soon as it was light the doctor came again. He found the patient very ill and said to me:

" 'Your wife, monsieur—'

" 'She is not my wife,' I interrupted him.

" 'Very well then, your mistress; it does not matter to me.'

"He told me what must be done for her, what her diet must be, and then wrote a prescription.

"What was I to do? Could I send the poor creature to the hospital? I should have been looked upon as a brute in the house and in all the neighborhood. So I kept her in my rooms, and she had my bed for six weeks.

"I sent the child to some peasants at Poissy to be taken care of, and she still costs me fifty francs a month, for as I had paid at first, I shall be obliged to go on paying as long as I live. Later on she will believe that I am her father. But to crown my misfortunes, when the girl had recovered I found that she was in love with me, madly in love with me, the baggage!"

"Well? What was wrong with that? You found her attractive."

"No longer! She had grown as thin as a homeless cat, and I turned the skinny wretch out of doors. But she watches for me in the streets, hides herself, so that she may see me pass; stops me in the evening when I go out in order to kiss my hand and, in fact, worries me enough to drive me mad. That is why I *never* observe Christmas Eve any more!"

# PLAYBOY'S CHRISTMAS PACKAGE

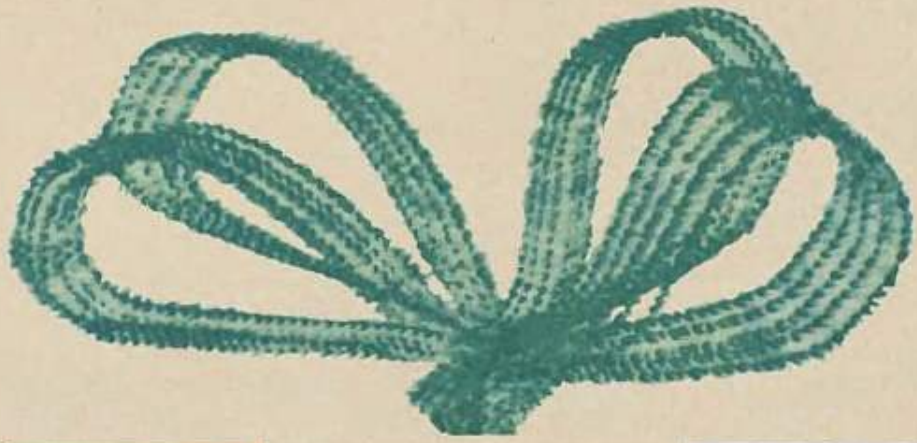
Top: no custom cabinetry needed with the space-saver hi-fi rig — Knight 12-watt amp, Electro-Voice Baronet corner enclosure with 8" Radax Speaker, Webcor changer with G. E. triple-play sapphire styli $174.50. Center: for memorable holiday feasting, 8 delicious 2-claw Maine lobsters shipped alive in cooking kettle $12.84. Steamer clams, clam bouillon and cider cakes also available. Bottom, clockwise at 9:00: bottled fare and bar supplies for bountiful Xmas bibbing—ice jet attachment $16.95 for Waring blendor $47.95; Venetian glass decanter $5; set of 8 pewter beer mugs $125; polished wood and chrome ice bucket $40; splits of Piper-Heidsieck champagne $1.79 each; fifth of Old Forester bourbon with personalized label $7.18; gallon of Ballantine Scotch in wood cradle $34; pewter cigarette lighter $8.25 and matching urn $3.75; Garnier cordial set of Apricotine, Liqueur D'or and Green Mint $15.15; *Wines of France* by Alexis Lichine $4; Jim Beam Anniversary ceramic bourbon decanter $21.60; gallon of Martell 3 star cognac in cradle $36.87; magnum of Veuve Clicquot 1947 champagne $16; hollow stem champagne goblet $6; brandy snifter $2.50; shotgun shell jigger $5; Loewy-designed gift chest in walnut with micarta drawers filled with 12 fifths of Old Forester bonded bourbon $149.50; long-stemmed Martini glass $2.35; fifth of Chivas Regal 21-year-old Scotch $25; half gallon captain's decanter of Kentucky Tavern bottled-in-bond bourbon $18.80.

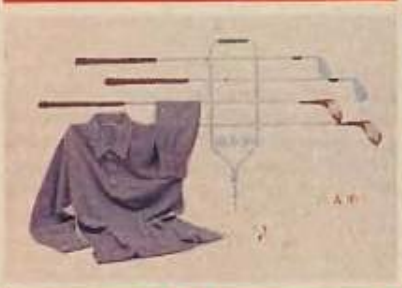
Top row: Taylor barometer-thermometer-hydrometer $100; Hickok car visor valet $3.95, Big Bruser pigskin gloves $10; pewter tankards, 1 oz. to 15 oz. $3 to $7.90. 2nd row: fold-flat traveling bag $45, pigskin covered flask $20; big bulk wool sweater $24.95; jeweled apple of powder puffs $5. 3rd row: 3 Dansk designs of stainless flatwear, 4 settings $22.50; Autavia sports car timer and clock $110, performance calculators $4.50 and $7.50; Dunhill cigars $8.95, cutter $20, holder $5, ashtray $10, teak table lighter $15. 4th row: buckskin moes for men $8.95, women $11.95; Japanese decorative metal crayfish $15; French Limoges toiletry set $88.50. 5th row: white gold and diamond links $170, sterling and quartz links $10; Italian silk umbrella $28.50, leather-lined suede purse $35; Candlewood Farms Xmas hamper $50. Bottom row: 64"x40" plastic relief map $45; automatic houselight dimmer $31; Japanese silk sitting pillows $14 each, lacquer table with birch legs $42, pewter tea pot $18, cups $1 each, wind chimes $5.

Top row: valet stand in cherry $25, burlap sports jacket lined in regimental stripes $28.95, Corbin tweed slacks $22.95, wool hose $2, blazer-striped shirt $8.50, French silk knit tie $3.50, ebony and brass umbrella stand $20, loafers $14; Japanese silk ceremonial decoration ball $14; silk tobacco pouches $4.50 each, Medico Meerschaum-bowl pipe with silvertone filigree base $12.50. Center row: imported tools in suede-lined leather case $100; wool-lined civet cat coat with knitted tassel-cap $495; His 18K gold shaving bowl with initials $2250. Bottom row: 2¼x3¼ Century Graphic doubles as camera and enlarger—unit includes camera with f/4.5 lens, sheet film holder, cold light unit and Graflarger stand and baseboard $199.50; white stitched black cowhide briefcase $18.50, attaché case $35, envelope briefcase $12; natural raccoon plaid-lined hip length campus coat for girls $245, red wool slip-on helmet $10.98.

*For further information write Playboy Reader Service, 11 E. Superior St., Chicago 11, Ill. Merchandise courtesy of Allied Radio, Baldwin Kingrey, Bonwit Teller, Bordelons, Steven Brody, Brooks Brothers, The Domino, Alfred Dunhill, Main Street Book Store, Robbins Sporting Goods, N. H. Rosenthal Furs, Solomon Liquors, Stebbins Hardware, Trabert & Hoeffer, Von Lengerke & Antoine, Wilt Leather Goods.*

Top row: cowhide saddle bags for tossing over suitcase or shoulder $49.95; sterling cocktail shaker $18, Finnish cocktail glasses $5; Dictet 2½ lb. portable tape recorder $289. 2nd row: English water-bucket waste basket $10; 16" pitted pewter dish $62.50, pewter pitcher $27; fiberglass two-suiter $69.50, fiberglass flitecase $47.50, TWA round-the-world all-expense Giftrip $2000 to $5000. 3rd row: A & F wrist alarm $54, money clip watch $14.95, cultured pearl charm watch $37.50, turtle watch pin $12.95, watch-and-locket cuff links $14.95; Swedish marble mortar-and-pestle for crushing herbs $4.50; Grundig Majestic AM-FM radio with hi-fi phono, tone distributor and remote unit $409.95. Bottom row: bud vase in teak $4.50, cigarette box for king and regular size $9.25; Gourielli's after shave and cologne in shaker bottles $8; Cresca brass-plated collapsible serving table packed with cocktail snacks $15.95.





Top row: Porter-Cable jig saw and router with plane, shaper, sander, trimmer attachments $104.35; Chanel No. 5 1¼ dram purse size $5, 1 oz. $20; French ceramic hors d'oeuvre knives $1 each. 2nd row: wool polo shirt $15.50, 10 oz. aluminum Lazy Caddy $6.95, Wilson woods $15 each, irons $10 each; Danish ski sweater $38.50, Himalaya bat-wing convertible collar sweater $15, French ski goggles with changeable lenses $2.50, Swix ski waxes $1; Dunhill suede king-size case $6, imitation lapis lighter $12.50, matching holder $9. 3rd row: Aiguer's leather purse $36.95, narrow leather belt $7.50, coin belt $10, double buckle belt $10; new gift books including *The Hokinson Festival* $5, *A Treasury of Ribaldry* $4.95, *The Book of the Sky* $10; St. Christopher key ring $5, British shilling key ring $5. Bottom row: capeskin jacket with zip-out alpaca lining $62.50, Edgerton chukka-type country shoe with crepe soles $12.95; Gilhoolie all-purpose cap-and-bottle opener $2.95; Mr. Short blazer-striped undershorts $2.95 each.

# BROADWAY . . . to come

*(continued from page 50)*

ing there as the wife of an airline executive. She loved those Rockies; loved the altitude and the clear air and the friendliness of Coloradans, but Broadway is home. It has been since she was chanting *I've Got Rhythm* and stopping her show of that moment. Her new one, this *Happy Hunting*, was written for her by those facile workmen, Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse. It's been staged by Abe Burrows, who has mastered the trick of making hits out of these expensive singing shows. He got on his way with *Guys and Dolls*, a sensational hit, and his directorial services have been in great demand ever since.

I've mentioned the fact that Bernard Shaw will be a dominant force in this new Broadway season. Since *Saint Joan* and Siobhan McKenna thrilled all of us at the downtown outpost called the Phoenix Theatre, there've been uptown plans for two other particularly fascinating Shaw plays — *Major Barbara* and *The Apple Cart*. Barbara and her father, Andrew Undershaft, are two of the most vivid characters ever written by the great dramatist. In this production, these two roles will be played by British film pretty Glynis Johns and Charles Laughton, who will also direct. It's in *Major Barbara* that the girl of the title makes the discovery that her benevolent organization, the Salvation Army, receives money from distillers and munitions manufacturers, like her father. And it's in that political extravaganza, *The Apple Cart*, forthcoming this season, with Maurice Evans, that democracy takes a drubbing. It's a loosely constructed play and it failed when done in New York in 1930. Noel Coward, who was in a London production, is one of those predicting more success for it this time.

In speaking of Shaw, it comes to mind that his predecessor, Shakespeare, the only dramatist who could possibly be placed above him in the matter of mastery of the English language, exerts a hold upon present-day playgoers and is frequently successful as a business venture — when his plays are done well. As these lines are put down upon a noisy and creaky Underwood that I've used in many parts of the world, London's famous Old Vic Company is coming to town with a repertoire that includes *Romeo and Juliet*, *Macbeth* and *Troilus and Cressida*. And as the season moves along there will be presentations of *Measure for Measure* and *The Taming of the Shrew* at the off-Broadway Phoenix, with its management working in conjunction with the American Shakespeare Festival Theatre, which has completed its second season at Stratford, Connecticut. It's Norris Houghton, Princeton graduate and co-producer at the Phoenix, who says: "To make a success of our undertaking, we have to have young people in our audiences. We have found that Shakespeare brings them in; never fails. And we've been encouraged by the news from the summer-theatre managers that more kids in their teens and more youngsters in their 20s were at the summer playhouses in 1956 than ever before in the circuit's history."

Rosalind Russell, an actress of chic and style and a sort of understated elegance, who had her romp in the musical field with the festive *Wonderful Town* will be back in a non-musical play, *Auntie Mame*. Regarding her musical comedy stint in *Town*, Miss Russell says, "Put it down as a fling. Thank God I got by with it, but I don't think I'll be rushing into it again." Her contract calls for playing the comedy in New York for a year. It's my guess that she'll make it. *Auntie Mame*, based on the Patrick Dennis book, was written by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee, who gave the theatre that valid drama, *Inherit the Wind*.

Additional excitement in the Broadway area will be provided by other fall offerings. Terence Rattigan, the most prolific of the London dramatists, and certainly one of the most successful, has an apparent hit in *Separate Tables*, presented with its imported stars, Eric Portman and Margaret Leighton. Gilbert Miller is expecting a run with Douglas Home's comedy *The Reluctant Debutante*, also brought over from London, and with Rattigan's *The Sleeping Prince*. Michael Redgrave and Barbara Bel Geddes are now co-starred in the roles created abroad by Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh.

Sylvia Sidney, an actress who has trouped America from ocean to ocean — she was once called the most promising young player of the season when she made a teen-age hit in a melodrama known as *Crime* — will play a frustrated spinster in *A Very Special Baby*, in which she will be co-starred with her former husband, Luther Adler. And Elliott Nugent, an actor given to the reticent underplaying perfected by the late and great William Gillette, has a new play, *Build With One Hand*, written by Joseph Kramm, who won the Pulitzer Prize with *The Shrike*, that acrid drama of goings-on in a mental hospital. Mr. Nugent is reaching Broadway at the end of November. He plays a man who fears success. That definitely is not the theme of *The Happiest Millionaire*, Kyle Crichton's dramatization of Cordelia Drexel Biddle's biography of her father. This comedy will restore Walter Pidgeon to Broadway. His company will include a startling newcomer, Diana van der Vlis. Success is predicted for this young player.

Broadway's traditional production lull is to be expected during December and there will be, undoubtedly, the usual pick-up after the first of the new year. Productions to be offered early in 1957 will include *Night of the Auk*, a drama by Arch Oboler about the first space ship flight to the moon, starring Claude Rains; *Visit to a Small Planet* (Cyril Ritchard both stars *and* directs) more about the great outer spaces, written by Gore Vidal, and *The Ballad of Baby Doe*, the late John La Touche's folk opera about the silver king, H. A. W. Tabor, which seems to have been impressive in its Central City, Colorado, presentation last summer. Then there will be the Elmer Rice drama of family life which was originally called *Ordeal by Fire*, and will probably be produced by the Playwrights Company under the title *As the Sparks Fly Upward*, if they can find the right star.

There's still considerably more listed for the midtown acreage. New York's City Center, which has taken on increasing prestige under the guidance of Jean Dalrymple, is offering *The Teahouse of the August Moon*, with the Mexican actress, Rosita Diaz, in the role of the ubiquitous Sakini, and it will go in for other plays, and possibly for an O'Neill revival. Shelley Winters, who distinguished herself in last season's *A Hatful of Rain*, has a new play, *Girls of Summer*, written by N. Richard Nash, who wrote *The Rainmaker*. James M. Cain, author of such torrid best-sellers as *The Postman Always Rings Twice* and *Serenade*, has emerged as the author of *The Guest in 701*. Described as a psychological drama with a surprise twist, its action takes place in a smart New York hotel. And there's a comedy entitled *Everybody Loves Me*, the work of Mannie Manheim and Arthur Marx, that will probably be along. Jack Carson is to be starred.

More riches promised by optimistic producers include such appetizing fare as Hollywood's Katy Jurado in *The Best House in Naples*, F. Hugh Herbert's adaptation of an Eduardo de Filippo play about a Neapolitan brothel. Garson Kanin will probably direct the late Robert Sherwood's comedy-drama of the American Revolution, *Small War on Murray Hill*, with Jan Sterling and Leo Genn playing cheek-to-cheek. Mr. Genn's name is also linked with that of Faye Emerson in connection with a Herbert Berghoff-directed melodrama, *Protective Custody*. Married collaborators Sam and Bella Spewack (of *Boy Meets Girl* fame) have a comedy about Catherine the Great and Potemkin cooking; as of this writing, they're toying with the title *Once There Was a Russian*. Those who

*(concluded on page 75)*

*"The butler did it."*

*"Spread it around . . . I'm offering 800."*

*a title bout in ten rounds*

*pastiche* **BY JED KILEY**

# HEMINGWAY

**Ernest ducked and two spectators bit the dust.**

ROUND 6: "AFTER THE STORM"

YOU COULD SEE the storm hadn't hurt Ernest's thirst. He pushed right by us into the bar and knocked off two big hookers of straight Scotch without batting an eye. Then he shook hands and I noticed it hadn't hurt his grip either. Those calouses of his made dents in your palm. Felt like he was holding a handful of marbles.

"How did you find the Atlantic?" I said.

"Big," he said.

"Have a nice crossing?" Floyd Gibbons asked.

"No," he said.

"Why?" I said.

"Ran out of liquor," he said.

"That's awful," Gib said.

"How about food?" I said.

"Raw flying fish," he said.

And that's about all we could get out of him. Just the clipped dialogue he puts in those books of his. You'd think he had just come from a row-boat ride in Central Park for all we could get him to say. Some boat ride. We took a bottle over to the hotel with us and watched him wolf a big steak. It was enough for a family of four.

"What do we do to get the story of the storm," Gib said, "wait for you to write it and then buy it?"

"No story," he said. "Just ran out a sea anchor and rode out the blow."

"Oh," I said.

"Like a tough fight," he said. "You just keep your head down and hang on."

"How about that fight on Duval Street?" I said.

"What fight?" he said.

Most fellows like to talk about their bar-room battles. I keep telling the same ones over and over to the same people. Get a kick out of it. But you couldn't get the guy to open up. Most people who drink get gabby. But he got cagier with each shot. No use trying to feed him a lot of drinks to get him to talk. You always wound up by telling *him* how you licked that big guy the other night.

While we were still in the dining room we had a couple of visitors. Here comes the floor show, I thought. They think of everything for this bird. But he warned us not to laugh. This was serious business. One of the visitors you could see was a person of some importance on the island. He was wearing a silk opera hat and tails. The question of white or black tie, I noticed, he had handled with great tact. He wore neither. In fact, he wore no shirt. His bare feet were the conventional black.

The other native wore nothing but red walking shorts. And what a build! He looked like a composite picture of Max Baer and Joe Louis. Stood about six-two and had long powerful arms that hung to his knees. Some reach. And you could see the long lithe muscles rippling like snakes when he moved. He walked like a tiger and looked about 21.

As they got to our table the one in

the silk hat swept it off with a graceful gesture and crushed it flat against his chest. He spoke with an Oxford accent. "My compliments, gentlemen," he said. "I am here to present the challenge of Mr. Disraeli."

Gib and I just looked at each other. We couldn't figure out what the big idea could be. Sounded like a duel. But Ernest apparently knew. He bowed in return.

"OK," he said, "get the gloves and the ring ready; I'll be out in half an hour."

Silk Hat Harry snapped his topper open with a ducal gesture and the two of them walked out as quietly as they had come. We turned to Ernest for an explanation. He seemed a little self-conscious, I thought.

"I have a standing offer of ten pounds," he said, "to any native who can stay two rounds with me, and Dizzy wants to take a chance. That's all."

"That's all?" Gig said. "You don't mean to tell me you're going to box that big guy now?"

"Why not?" Ernest said.

"You're not in condition," Gib said.

"Put it off until tomorrow," I said.

"I can't," he said. "They've been waiting for me all week. Told them when I left for Key West that I would take him on when I got back. I'm back now and I don't want to lose face."

"You'll lose your face if you do," I said.

"Don't be silly," he said.

How crazy can a guy get? I thought. He is 35 years old, has been fighting the elements four days on raw fish, no sleep and salt water and now he is going to fight a man bigger and younger than he is, right after eating. I might have bet on him if he had been in shape but he didn't even have his landlegs yet. Better try again to stop him.

"You can't go two rounds," I said.

"Any bets?" he said.

"No," I said. What's the use, I thought. It's his funeral.

After we had had a few more highballs he picked up a little hand-bell from the table and handed it to me. "You be the referee, time-keeper and judge," he said. "You won't have much to do. Don't count him out too fast, though. I always give them a long count. And don't pull us apart if we clinch. You might get hurt. If he bites me don't disqualify him. I'll bite him back. Watch the time carefully and ring the bell when three minutes is up. If he is still on his feet after two rounds he wins."

Some confidence, I thought. Losing never seemed to enter his mind. He felt the same about his fighting as he did about his writing. If he lost the first round he would get his knockout in the second. Hope he can fight better than he can write, I thought. He handed me ten dollars.

"This for me?" I said.

"That's the loser's purse," he said. "Slip it to him right after the fight." How do you like that? Some gall.

As we walked out of the hotel a cheer went up from the beach that could have been heard in Miami. They cheered in the English fashion, "Hip, hip, hurr*ah*!" I've seen a lot of fights in my time but never an audience like that. Everybody on the island must have been there. They were all standing on the beach in the form of a ring. The inside row—the boys in the ringside seats—were holding hands in a circle to keep the others back. That's the way they did in old England when prize fighting first started. That's why they still call our square boxing arenas "rings" I guess.

The ring looked just about the right size. Not having any ropes but the natives' arms it was flexible of course. But that was all right with me. It would be harder for Dizzy to get my man on the ropes.

As we elbowed our way through the cheering crowd you could see Papa was the favorite. He might have been a home-town hopeful fighting in his own club from the way they treated him. You could see he loved it too. Always wanted to be the champ and was getting a great kick out of it. He looked like Dempsey going into the ring only he had more hair on his chest and more belly.

When we got to the ring the boys who were the posts raised their clasped hands and we went under them like children playing London Bridge. But when I saw the professional gloves they were using I knew it wasn't any child's play. This was for keeps.

As they put on the gloves I sized up the two of them. And I didn't feel as confident as Ernest did. Kid Disraeli, in the red trunks, was at least ten years younger and ten pounds heavier. He had a longer reach and smaller belly. But, as I say, it wasn't my funeral. I picked up a couple of coconuts and tossed them out of the ring. A fighter in his bare feet could break a toe on a coconut. I looked up on the porch and there was Gib in a rocking-chair. He had an upper box seat and was laughing. I wished I had stayed up there with him. It was going to be tough keeping out of the way of these heavyweights in that soft sand.

I announced the fight as being for the championship of Bimini and got a rousing cheer. Then I glanced at my wrist watch and rang my little bell.

At the sound of the bell the giant in the red trunks came out of his corner like a bounding rhino. He came out slugging and you could see he had a haymaker in either hand. One sock, I thought, and the old-man-of-the-sea is going to be shipwrecked again. But they were not landing. The boy in the light skin was making him miss. He was moving gracefully to one side or the other like those bullfighters in his books. Then just when I thought he was going to get gored he got on his bicycle. How a man his size could move so fast with a metal knee-cap and in the soft sand had me puzzled. I was having an awful time just keeping out of their way. My shoes were full of sand and I was panting more than they were. The round must be about over, I thought, but I was afraid to look at my watch. Might get clipped.

Up until now Hemingway had not let one punch go. Stalling the first two minutes, I thought. He will probably go in now and slug out the last minute, like he said. But he didn't. The challenger rushed him again and this time got him right up against the living ropes and let go a roundhouse right that would have knocked the champ's head off if it had hit him. But it didn't hit him. He ducked and two of the ring posts dropped in their tracks instead. Some reach. As referee I didn't know what to do. But the spectators did. Two new posts just moved in, clasped hands, and the ring was whole again. Apparently it had happened before.

The incident gave me time to glance at my watch. Holy Moses, the round had lasted four minutes! I rang the bell and the round was over. The fighters didn't go to their corners. There were no corners to go to. They just laid down in the sand and shaded their eyes from the sun. That sun is going to win over me by a knockout any minute, I thought. The crowd went wild. This was the first time a native had ever stayed a whole round, I learned later. I gave the boys and myself an extra minute's rest to make up for the four minute round. Then I rang the bell.

You could see the extra rest had helped Hemingway somewhat. But you should have seen the other guy. Fresh as a daisy! Wasn't even breathing hard. He was smelling victory. Here comes the storm now, I thought.

And it did come; thunder and lightning and everything. The rhino thundered in for the kill. Two streaks of left-handed chain lightning flashed suddenly in the middle of his stomach. Down came his guard and back went his head as a straight right caught him full on the chin. Some punch.

I knew the fight was over before Disraeli hit the sand. Didn't even have to count. But I did. Gave him the long Chicago count. But he never stirred. The man in the light skin had won by a knockout in the first ten seconds of the second round. I grabbed his big hand and held it up the way they do at the Garden. He was panting so hard he

*(concluded on page 75)*

# CONCEIVING CAN BE FUN

*satire* BY SHEPHERD MEAD

*the straight dope on succeeding with women without really trying*

No need to be timid

SO MANY ASK, "Should I adopt a child?" The answer is clear; no, not if you can have one of your own. By all means try first. Conceiving can be fun, and is undertaken by many *for its own sake.*

A word of warning, however: though you will run few risks during conception, you will enter rapidly into the dangerous period of pregnancy.

### HOW TO GUARD YOUR HEALTH DURING PREGNANCY

Medical science long ago solved the problem of the *woman* during pregnancy. Unfortunately, little thought has been given, either by medical science or by society as a whole, to the *father* during this difficult time.

This is a critical and dangerous period, and during these nine months you can suffer damage, both mental and physical, that may last a lifetime. Too many fathers carry the scars of pregnancy all their lives.

*Guard Against Colds.*

The expectant father soon learns that the pregnant woman has an overabundance of natural body heat. If, in her normal condition she likes a room temperature of 72, during pregnancy (and especially in the later stages) she will be snug and warm at 55.

"Davie, doesn't it feel *stuffy* in here?"

"Hadn't noticed it, pet."

*(The inside thermometer reads 55°, and a twelve knot gale is blowing in through three open windows. But never complain.)*

"Maybe you could open one more window."

"They're all open, pet, but I could knock out a wall."

Humor her, but preserve your own delicate system. Take these steps: (1) dress warmly, (2) keep your wife out of doors as much as possible, and (3) plan your periods of pregnancy. This last is best. Having babies in the fall can add years to the father's life expectancy, and will improve his disposition. This may be done either by the accidental, or "oops-sorry!" type of conception so common to us all, or by deliberate planning.

*Avoid Morning Sickness.*

Morning sickness, doctors will tell you, does no permanent damage to the woman. It is expected and natural during the first months of pregnancy.

Unfortunately this is not true of the male, who can pick up bad nutritional deficiencies during this period. Persuade your wife to remedy this by preparing hearty breakfasts for you. She will not be sorry.

*Keep Up Your Strength.*

The trials lying ahead will be severe. Keep yourself in trim physically, hard-muscled and well-nourished. This is not as easy as it sounds. During pregnancy your wife will be on a rigorous weight-reducing diet, combined with peculiar and unreasoning desires for food.

Few men can do a hard day's work on a diet of cottage cheese, pickles, and grapefruit.

Eat well, have plenty of rest, fresh air, and light exercise. You will be ready for the little one when he arrives.

### GUARD YOUR MENTAL HEALTH

Pregnancy, especially the *first* pregnancy, is a time of adjustment. Once

you realize that by the simple act of conception you have committed yourself irrevocably to a series of events over which you will have virtually no control for the next 30 years, you become mentally a mass of quivering jelly.

If you are the schizophrenic type you may be found alone in dimly lit rooms biting your finger nails. If you veer toward the manic-depressive you may alternate between orgies of buying cribs and play-pens — and periods of muttering brokenly over old check stubs.

Too often, weaklings turn to alcohol for relief. This is not recommended, though an occasional bracing snort will do small harm.

The solution — if there is one — must come from our women. The keynote will be patience and understanding. The cheerful smile and the gentle phrase can make the difference between a sick mind and a well one.

Try, yourself, to think happy thoughts. Tell yourself that where you go others, no stronger, have gone before.

*Avoid Superstition.*

There is no truth whatever to the old wives' tale that strong mental impressions on the father during pregnancy will mark the child, for good or evil.

No need, therefore, to guard the purity of your thoughts. Your opportunities to mold your children's characters will be legion, but they will come later, as we will see.

### CHOOSE YOUR OBSTETRICIAN

It is important to find a good doctor for your wife. Spare no expense, leave no stone unturned. Then, when you have narrowed the field to a half dozen able men, speak to each of them. Ask them frankly about your relations with your wife during pregnancy. You will receive six completely different answers. No matter what your desires in the matter, you will find one that suits you perfectly. Choose this doctor and send your wife to him. You will not be sorry for having done the right thing. The man who goes against his doctor's advice is a poor husband indeed.

In fact, in all matters relating to pregnancy and to the raising of children, you will find an infinite number of opinions, limited only by the number of obstetricians and pediatricians you consult. If you are patient and shop around a bit, you can find good authority for doing almost anything you choose.

*Don't Believe Delivery Dates.*

Your obstetrician will give your wife a date on which the baby is to arrive. This means absolutely nothing. You can forecast the date of arrival just as accurately with a ouija board or the Farmer's Almanac.

Try to outguess the stork. It will be a pleasant game that both you and your wife can play.

### PLAN YOUR DELIVERY DATE

The day of delivery is considered a holiday for the father in all civilized businesses. Some skillful chaps can even stretch it to two.

For this reason, the well-trained wife *never* has children on weekends or at inconvenient hours.

Persuade her to feel the first pangs of childbirth at about 7:30 or 8:00 A.M., on any day from Monday through Friday. It may take a few babies to acquire the proper skill, but you will find it worth the effort. You avoid interrupting sleep, and can catch yourself before leaving — and preferably before dressing — for the office.

If you do have time to choose your clothes, dress simply. No need to be elaborate. A sport coat, flannel slacks of a good dark gray and loafers or tassel oxfords are best. A tie is optional if you wear a sport shirt. Better not shave. This costume will create an impression of boyish confusion.

### WHAT TO DO TILL THE DOCTOR COMES

One has only to observe a Parent-Teachers meeting to see the appalling number of gray heads among relatively youthful fathers. How many turned gray overnight — and how needlessly!

Your first childbirth need not be the shattering experience it is for so many.

Too often, as the date approaches, the father becomes a trembling hulk, pacing nervously from room to room, unable to sleep, often given to laying out clothes for instant dressing, checking the car daily for high-speed starting, and making trial runs to the hospital.

No need for all this, no need to leave your motor running, or to sleep with your boots on. Contrary to tabloid accounts of emergency births, it takes longer than you can imagine to have a baby. Even if you dawdle in getting your wife to the hospital, she will be there for *hours* before anything happens.

After you have put your wife in the hospital's hands it is best to go home. True, your brave smile and steady hand would prove invaluable, but the doctors and nurses never realize this. You will be treated as though you had no part in the enterprise at all, regardless of all you have been through in the past nine months.

Go home, nurse your wounds. You will be phoned when the baby arrives.

### BRACE YOURSELF

The first sight of your child may be something of a shock. You will expect that he, or she, will be a mirror of your own fine qualities and that this will be apparent from the start.

No matter what you look like, this will not be the case. Regardless of what enthusiastic relatives will say, during the first week or so babies do not look like anybody.

However, he (or she) will be all yours — and so will all the joys and all the problems that go with him. Prepare yourself. You are entering a dangerous period.

### WELCOME THE LITTLE STRANGER

In a few days the baby will come home from the hospital. What a different place your house will be when it contains a little one! It will be a new and unusual experience for everyone.

Along with the baby will come a nurse, who will probably stay a week or two to take care of the baby.

Your wife will hate this woman bitterly and violently, no matter who she is, what she does, or how she acts. This is another primitive instinct, and one that you had best leave alone. Perhaps your wife feels, deep in her subconscious, that the nurse is trying to take her baby away.

Prevent open hostility if you can. This would force the nurse to leave, hurtle you into a 24-hour schedule, and take years off your life.

Never defend the nurse.

"I don't know, David, I just can't *stand* that woman!"

"Know just what you mean, pet. Curdles my blood to look at her." *(Grind out a cigarette savagely.)*

"I think I'll speak to her tomorrow."

"No. Let me. I don't just want to *fire* her. I want to *crush* her."

Then, next day:

"Well, David, did you speak to her?"

"No, but I'm going to. Couldn't think of anything mean enough."

Keep this up for several days, until your wife is strong enough to care for the child. You will not regret it.

### KEEP YOUR CHIN UP

Don't worry if you have a feeling of depression after child birth. This is common to many husbands, and is a natural let-down following the extra exertion and excitement.

Occasionally wives even complicate this with moodiness of their own. Cheer up — and try to cheer *her* up, too. Your brave words and bright smile can make the difference between sunshine and shadow.

### GET ACQUAINTED

The bashful or timid father will miss many happy hours with his children. Get to know your baby, and the sooner the better.

You will find there is a Golden Time, a ten-minute period following each bath during which your baby will smell fresh and clean. Take advantage of this. Dandle him, both on the knee and free-hand. A little will go a long way.

Get to know your baby, and — equally important — let your baby know you.

*(continued on page 78)*

# THE HUNDRED DOLLAR SUICIDE

*concerning true friendship and the manly art of self-destruction*

LAST WEEK I RECEIVED a telephone call from my artist friend, Peter Gallant. "Victor," he implored, "you must come to my studio at once. I need you. And bring a lot of money."

When I climbed the four flights of dark, creaking stairs and entered Peter's studio, I found my friend pacing the floor, and greatly agitated. His studio also was in an unusual state. Instead of being cluttered with paintings thrown about in all sorts of disorder, the studio was neat. He had lined the walls with his best works, and others had been stacked behind his cot. The studio—for the first time in years—had been swept, dusted, and made tidy. Brushes and paints were arranged in an orderly fashion, dirty dishes had been washed, and the cot was neatly made up. Peter himself was changed. He had shaved, his wild hair was combed flat, his sweatshirt was clean and his trousers were pressed.

"Peter!" I cried. "May I be the first to congratulate you! Is she beautiful and an heiress? When are the nuptials to be announced?"

Peter shook his head and looked at me. To my amazement I saw his eyes were filled with tears. "Victor, my friend," he said movingly. "You must help me."

"Certainly," I said. "Am I not your friend? I will do anything in my power."

Peter turned his head and gazed out of the window. "Victor, you must help me to die."

I did not question or argue with Peter. He had asked me for help, not for advice. And a true friend holds his tongue in and his hand out.

"Victor," Peter continued, "I have bought some poison. I wish to die because I do not wish to live in the sort of world we now have. I wish my death to be A Protest Against Civilization As We Know It."

"It should not be difficult," I said. "You have a glass . . ."

"It is more difficult than you imagine," Peter said. "I was about to take the poison when I suddenly realized that my suicide might be misinterpreted. You see, Victor, I have no money. When I kill myself, the police will find me. They will look at my walls and see that I was an artist. Then they will look in my pockets and discover that I have no money. Then the newspapers will report that I killed myself because I was not a successful artist.

"I wish to die," Peter said, a note of bitterness in his voice, "but not because I am without funds and the public is too backward to appreciate my work. I wish to die not as a failure, but as one who had everything to live for from a materialistic standpoint. So you see, Victor, if my death is to be an effective, convincing Protest, I cannot die without money. I ask you, Victor, my dearest friend, to give me a hundred dollars. I will put the hundred dollars in my pocket, and then I will take the poison. Then it cannot be said that I killed myself because I was without funds. There will be speculation why an artist with a hundred dollars kills himself. In that way the Truth will emerge, and my death will have served its Purpose."

"Peter," I said, "I am your friend, and friends do not argue and try to inflict their opinions on each other. You are sacrificing your life as A Protest Against Society. The least I can do, dear friend, is sacrifice one hundred dollars. How would you like the money? In small bills, or perhaps a single hundred-dollar bill?"

"I think I would prefer the single, large bill," Peter said thoughtfully. "I have never seen so large a bill. It will be interesting to own it briefly. Then, it would also appear more like a payment for a painting, and not so much like the last of my savings."

"Peter," I said, not without emotion, "here is your hundred-dollar bill. I will miss you, good friend."

"Thank you," Peter said simply, accepting the money. "You have made it possible for me to die in the manner I wish. How many of us are so fortunate as that? You are a true and generous friend, Victor."

"A friend could do no less," I replied modestly.

"If you would like a painting," Peter

*fiction* **BY HENRY GREGOR FELSEN**

ARTHUR PAUL/MORTON SHAPIRO

# SUICIDE *(continued from preceding page)*

said, "any one at all. . ."

"I would be unable to choose among them," I said. And knowing that Peter had other business, and not wishing to intrude, I shook his hand and left. With the small gift of a hundred dollars, I had raised him from despair to happiness. What more could I ask?

I went home. Perhaps an hour later the phone rang again. It was Peter.

"Victor? I must ask you a question."

"Peter," I said, and hesitated. "Peter... have you. . . ?"

"I have taken the poison," Peter said. "In an hour I will be dead. But I called to ask you, Victor, do you think I should leave a note making everything clear? I am afraid those who find me may be so dense they will not understand my death is a Protest unless it is specifically stated. On the other hand, a note is trite and bourgeois, is it not?"

"A note is a very ordinary thing," I agreed. "If you will excuse me for intruding in your affairs, Peter, I would suggest that you arrange to fall dead in front of your latest canvas in which you depict, symbolically, The Decadence Of Our Civilization and Your Refusal To Compromise With It. I believe it would then be obvious even to policemen and reporters why you died by your own hand."

"Thank you," Peter said, his voice trembling with gratitude. "You have been a true friend. Farewell, Victor!"

"Goodbye, Peter."

An hour passed. When the sixty minutes elapsed, I thought of my friend, who now lay dead. Then I thought of how he might be suffering if he had not taken enough of the poison to kill him. I debated with myself for a few seconds only, then hurried to the studio. I could not bear to think of my friend in pain—and if he were alive, and wished to change his mind, I might be able to save his life.

I climbed the stairs to Peter's studio, opened the door and stepped inside. Peter lay on the floor in front of his last painting, as I had suggested. In his right hand there was a brush, wet with paint, as though he had killed himself at the moment he had finished the work of art.

In his left hand there was a piece of paper. I bent down to examine it. I was shocked to find that it was a farewell note. At the last moment, despite my advice—which he had requested—Peter had written a note. However, I did not think badly of him. It may have been that he misunderstood me, since he was under some emotional stress at the time.

The note made clear his Reason for dying, called attention to the money in his pocket, and left no doubt about the nature of his Protest.

I wondered in which pocket Peter had put the money. He was of such a careless nature that it was like him to forget to place it in his pocket. I therefore searched briefly and was glad to discover the bill in the righthand pocket of his trousers. My fears had been groundless. He had not forgotten.

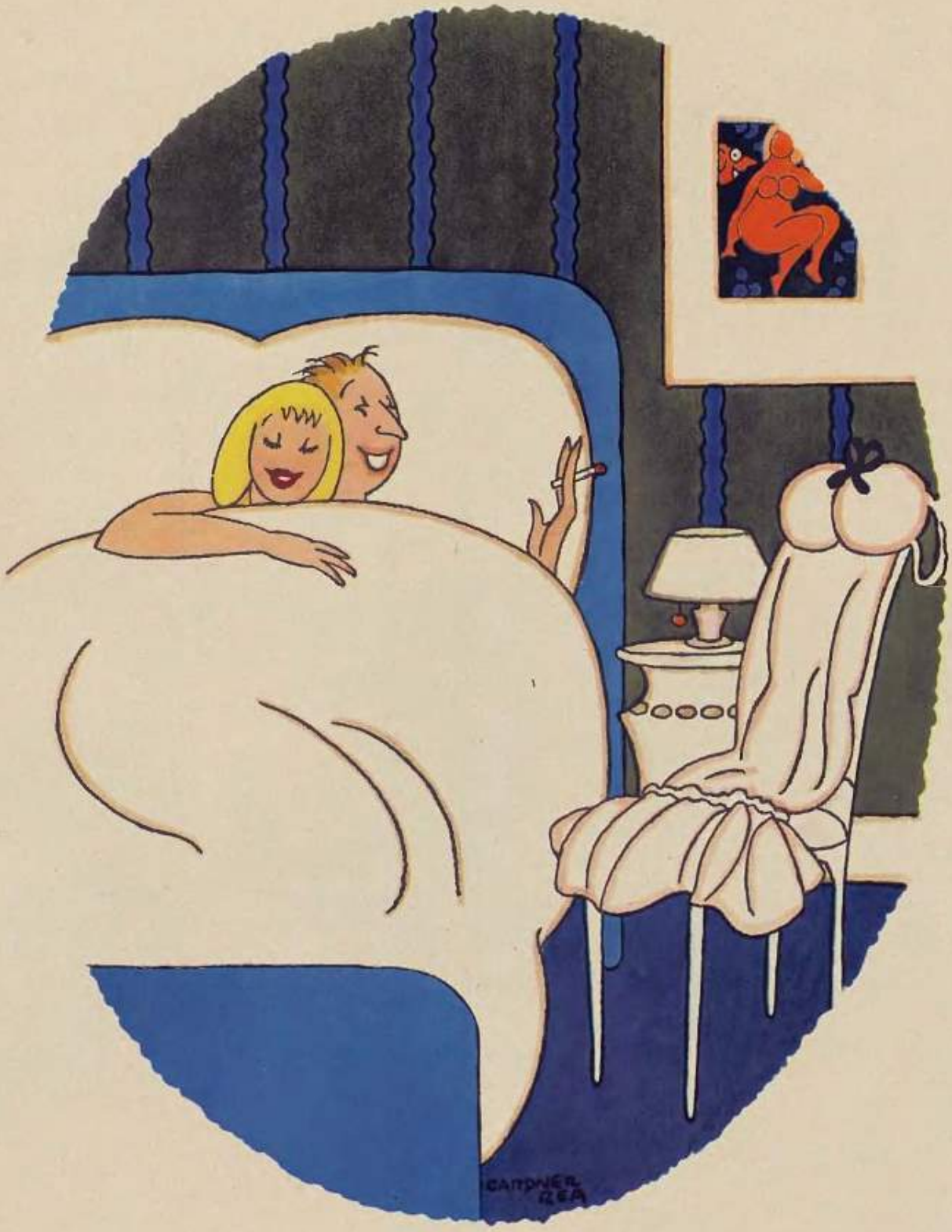
I looked down at the dead face of my friend. He looked so peaceful and contented. He had died as he had wished, and my hundred dollars had made that possible. I left the studio.

The next day there was a small story on the back page of the newspaper. It said that Peter had taken poison, and as there was no food in the studio, and he had no money in his pockets, it was assumed he had been driven to the desperate act by poverty and despair.

Needless to say, I am troubled by Peter's note, which is beautifully written, in a fine hand. I would like to send this note to the newspapers, so the world might know the noble Reason and manner of Peter's death. But I hesitate. What, after all, does the opinion of strangers matter, who scorned Peter in life? Why spoil his final moment of triumph over Society, by allowing Society to sneer at his sentiments and snicker at his emotion? Why give Society a chance to deal another blow, when he can rise to fight no more?

Besides, the note rashly mentions the hundred-dollar bill, and if I send the note to the newspapers, the police might come around and ask embarrassing questions and possibly confiscate the money—which I am sure Peter would wish me to have as I wished him to have it when he needed it.

After all, if the memory of a man's life and noble death lives on in the heart and mind of just one true friend, that man has not lived—or died—in vain.




*"Isn't that a new nightie?"*

# ETCHINGS REVISITED

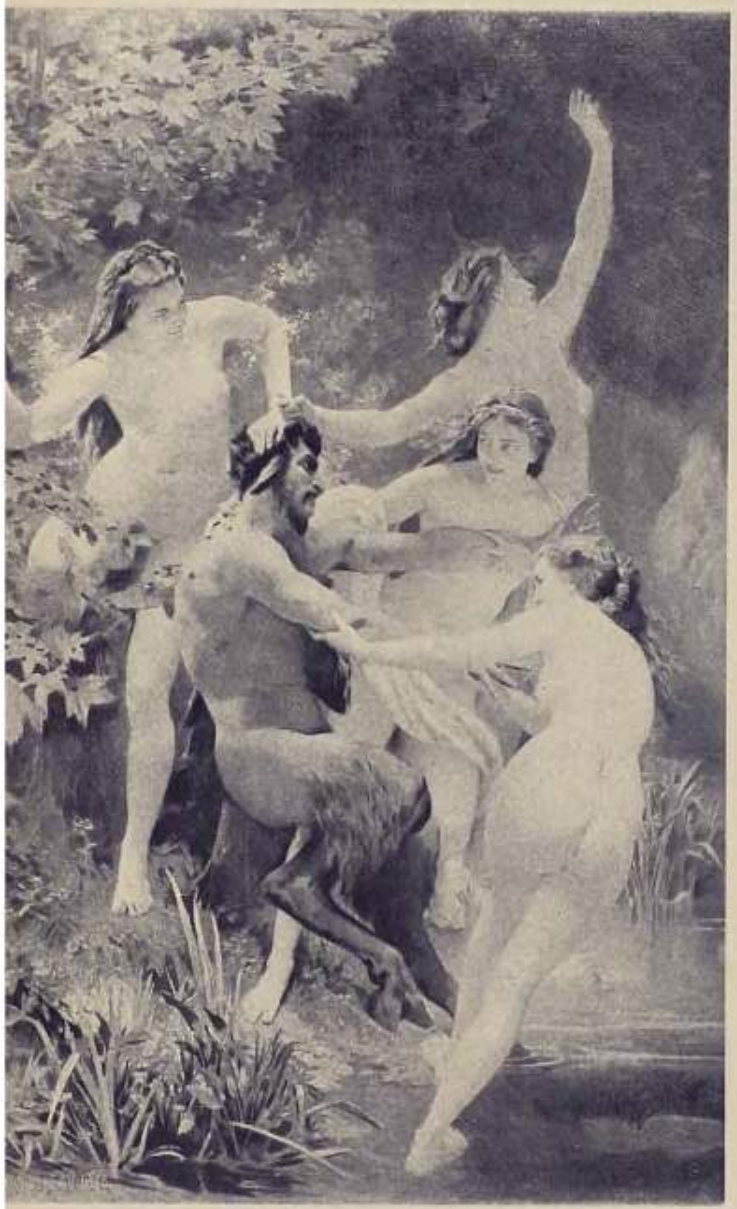
## *at last, the real meanings of these masterpieces are revealed*

These fine old etchings have long been appreciated for their craftsmanship but, observes cartoonist Shel Silverstein, they have never been fully understood: viewers have never really known what was going on in the pictures, what these characters of another time and place had on their minds and were saying to one another. Now for the first time, however, the true meaning of each of the scenes becomes clear with the assistance of suitable captions placed under them by Mr. Silverstein after a long, near-monastic period of careful study and arduous analysis. As a result, these works of art can be enjoyed in a way never before possible.

*"OK, Mary, now lift up the rope and over they go on their fannies!"*

*"And now, Lou, you come in with, 'Sha-boom, sha-boom, ra-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta . . .' "*

*"I don't know, Marty . . . what do you want to do?"*



"I hate Canasta . . . I never play Canasta!"

"Fred? . . . Al? . . . Charlie? . . . Bob?"

"Get your hands off me, buster—
I'm as sober as you are!"

*"So now, after I buy the armor . . . after I rent a horse . . . after my going-away party . . . now they tell me I'm 4-F!"*

*"Would you care to list your next of kin, sir — just in case?"*

## BUTTON MAN *(continued from page 23)*

in zippers, snappers, hooks and clamps — and the button boys were hanging on by a thread.

So what did they do? What *could* they do? They called for Barkus, The Button Brain. And I answered the call with one of my greatest ideas: a collar that buttoned down!

"Genius!" That's what they called it. And we gave it the full promotion. We started it first in the Eastern colleges and with the advertising executives up and down Madison Avenue. Before long the button-down collar was sweeping the country and we had established a foothold in fashion.

My next big promotion was the three-button suit; I started a "Return to the old fashioned fly" movement; and when the country took to my button on the back of the shirt collar fad, I knew I really had them.

Sure, those other guys hollered. The zipper guys — they yelled we were jamming them up. The elastic boys screamed we were snapping their backs and the collar-bar boys — they cried we were choking them off. But it didn't mean a thing. Our fighting slogan was "Button up America" and we weren't going to leave any loopholes.

Well, the button industry was really riding high — thanks to Ol' Button Brain — and they hadn't seen nothin' yet, because I had plans for a sensationally conservative 52-button suit, with button cuffs, button lapels and a return to grandfather's high-button shoes. The industry was really looking up . . . but they should have glanced downward, too. For there, there where the last shirt button ended and the first fly button began, there it was — the symbol of their doom — *the buckle.*

I warned them. "Don't chuckle at the buckle," I said.

"Make it a clean sweep," I said.

"Put on a big Button Belt campaign and polish them off before they get started," I said.

But the button boys were cocky. Fat and cocky and busy signing juicy contracts with the garment industry. So they laughed.

But the laughs faded when the buckle suddenly appeared on the *back* of men's trousers. When buckle-in-the-back Bermuda shorts swept the country last summer, the button boys got really nervous. When men's caps enjoyed a sudden revival *with a buckle on the back,* panic struck the industry. *Then* they cried for Barkus. Too late.

I came up with an emergency motto: "DON'T KNUCKLE TO THE BUCKLE." I tried button watch bands, button-down ties and button handkerchiefs, but nothing helped. So they blamed me — said I was dried up — but they just waited too long.

The buckle boys had moved in and with smart promotion and big money advertising, they're ready to buckle down the whole damn country: the buckle-down shirt, the three-buckle suit, buckle flies, buckle ties, buckle shoes and buckle shorts — they aren't going to miss a trick.

And so these big button tycoons are sitting in there chewing on their cigars and trying to come up with an idea that will save their industry.

And they think *I'm* all dried up, eh? They say I'm missing a few buttons, eh? Well, I'll tell you something: those smart guys — they'll sweat for a while and squirm for a while and then do you know what they'll do? That's right. They'll call out for Barkus. For Charley Barkus — the greatest idea man in the industry — the Button Brain.

They'll come to me on their knees — L. P. Hutton of Hutton's Buttons, Gold and Finkle of Gold and Finkle, Harry Son of Smith and Son — all of them.

They'll say: "Charley, save us. Give us an idea. Give us one of your great ideas!" And you know what I'll do? I'll let them squirm for a while and sweat for a while and then I'll give them an idea — I'll give them the greatest button idea of them all: BUTTON-DOWN BUCKLES.

That's right, button-down buckles — and if those buckle bastards come up with a buckle-down button-buckle, why then we'll bring out a button-down buckle-button-buckle, and if they . . .

¥

---

**FEMALES BY COLE: 30**

**Idealist**

## BITCH IN HEAT

*(continued from page 40)*

to a fraternity. Do you know him, Phil Barone?"

"No, I don't. But don't you find they get awfully fresh when you let them take you out, Doll?" Wilhelmina asked. "Don't they try to—" She acted again as if Lew were not there.

"Oh, no," Doll said laughing. "We're all just like brothers and sisters."

"Well," Wilhelmina said, "at least they don't pester you for your picture."

"What?" Doll asked.

"I mean, they probably all have one."

Doll chuckled again, stopping quickly when she saw she was laughing alone.

"Willie," Lew said, "did I tell you the one about the man with the banana in his ear?"

"Yes," Wilhelmina said. "Honestly, Doll, he tells the awfulest jokes."

"It's terrible," Doll said, leaning forward. "Sometimes these college boys talk terrible."

"I'd like to have you come up to the house sometime," Wilhelmina said to her. "I'd like to have you come up to the sorority sometime and meet the girls. We have a wonderful bunch there."

"That'd be lovely," Doll said. "I'd like to fine."

Lew watched Wilhelmina.

"A couple of the girls paint," Wilhelmina said. "Just amateurs, you know. Maybe you'd like to—"

Doll looked at Lew uncertainly, then back at Wilhelmina. "Oh—"

"This boy was walking down the street, see," Lew said, "and he saw a man who had a banana sticking out of his ear."

"I'll tell you," Wilhelmina said, bending close to Doll, "the only trouble with our sorority is that there's a fraternity right next door, and the boys are always looking in our windows. It's terrible."

Doll was indignant. "Why, that's awful."

"But you wouldn't mind," Wilhelmina said.

"'Excuse me, Mister,' the boy said," Lew spoke loudly. "'But you've got a banana in your ear.' 'Speak up, Sonny,' the man said. 'Can't you see I've got a banana in my ear?'"

"That's good," Doll shouted. "A banana in my ear. That's good." She laughed and looked around at the other booths, holding her cigarette in a slanted, extended hand.

"Some people are awfully narrow minded," Wilhelmina said to Doll. "I suppose some people don't approve of what you do. Posing in the nude, I mean."

Doll stopped looking around the room and turned troubled eyes on Lew.

Lew smiled at her. "That's a nice dress, Doll," he said. "Red is your color."

She looked down at herself. "It's awful warm, though. Wool is pretty hot this warm weather."

Wilhelmina studied Doll's dress. "I suppose you save money, not having to buy clothes for work," she said.

"Yes," Lew said, "it's a good color with your hair, Doll."

"This isn't a good dress," Doll said. "I don't wear my best clothes up here." She looked from one to the other, smiling brightly. "My birthday dress," she said. "I wear my birthday dress."

They all laughed together. Wilhelmina's laugh rose above the others, a clear crystal sound.

"My, that's wonderful, Doll," she said. "Your birthday dress. Did you make that up?"

Doll looked pleased. "No," she said. "lots of people say that. You know—your birthday suit. It means naked."

"Oh," Wilhelmina said, "that's good. That's funny. I hope I remember that." It seemed as if she couldn't stop laughing, and after a while Doll laughed with her. Lew laughed too, watching Doll.

Doll stopped laughing first. She looked at the two, moving her eyes quickly. "What time have you got?" she asked Lew.

He looked at his watch. "11:15."

"Oh, I have to go," Doll said, putting out her cigarette. "I have to dress for a class."

Wilhelmina stopped laughing. "Dress?" she said.

Sliding out of the booth with abrupt clumsy movements, Doll turned her head to look with brief impersonality at Wilhelmina. Standing she leaned over and picked up her purse. "Well, I certainly enjoyed talking to you kids," she said. She put her cigarettes into the purse and clicked it shut.

Lew slid her check under his. "I'll see you up there, Doll," he said.

"I'll say," Wilhelmina said. She was painting her lips with a little silver tube. Doll looked at it absent mindedly, rubbing her nose.

"Well, goodbye," she said. Just before she reached the door she dropped her purse. She bent her knees, and squatting, picked it up. Then she turned to smile at them, her fixed wide-mouthed smile, and waving, pushed out of the door.

Lew watched with troubled eyes as Doll left the restaurant. Wilhelmina didn't even turn her head. "You know, Lew," she said thoughtfully, "I think I'd like to go out with you tonight after all. In fact, I'll get a late permission. Why don't you pick me up about eight?"

Lew studied the door through which Doll had gone before he turned to look at Wilhelmina. "Gee, Willie," he said, "I think I'm tied up."

She looked at him warmly, her large eyes beautiful under curved black brows, promise in their gaze. "We could go dancing," she said. "Then maybe we could park up by the water tower. You know, I've never been up there before."

Lew said nothing.

"I think I'll wear my white sheath tonight. It's cut very low. You'll like it."

Lew picked up his books and began to slide out of the booth. "Yes," he said. "Well, I'm sorry, Willie, but I won't be able to make it tonight. I've got to start hitting the books."

He stood up. "I'll see you around," he said. "I want to get to the life class early today."

*"And come out . . ."*

## BROADWAY...to come

*(continued from page 58)*

admired Peter De Vries' side-splitting novel, *The Tunnel of Love*, will rejoice to learn that he and Joseph Fields have dramatized this tale of a cartoonist's artistic and sexual problems for the Theatre Guild. But perhaps the most impressive line-up of serious theatrical talent is connected with the projected Producers' Theatre presentation of *Waltz of the Toreadors:* Jean Anouilh wrote the play, Sir Ralph Richardson, they say, will star, and Harold Clurman might direct.

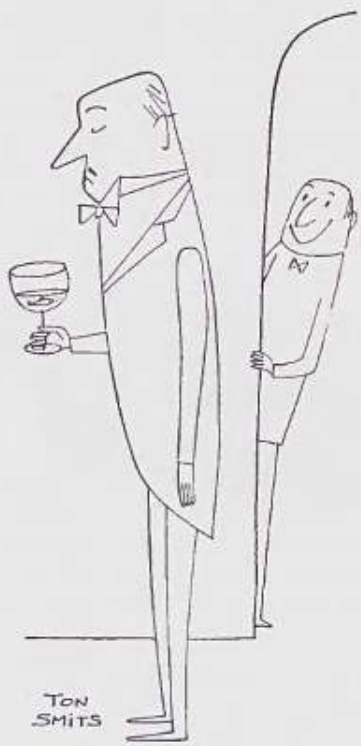
Representing the musical stage, Bert Lahr is being talked about as the star of a tuneful re-do of Vicki Baum's *Grand Hotel*, while satirist Ira Wallach has a hand in *Go Fight City Hall*, a musical dealing with Rev. Parkhurst's attempt to clean up New York back in the 1880s. Cleveland Amory's best-selling account of America at play, *The Last Resort*, will be transmuted by Jean Kerr, among others, into a musical, as will the famous archy & mehitabel stories by Don Marquis: Darion and Kleinsinger are handling words and music for this, which they'll call *Shinbone Alley*, if they have their way. *Thirteen Daughters, Three Tigers for Tessie* and *Packaged in Paris* are the tentative titles of other impending musicals about which I can tell you very little.

And the list is by no means complete. *A Hole in the Head* will star Paul Douglas as an actor who gives family obligations the shortest possible shrift; Maureen Stapleton is slated for the lead in something called *Light a Penny Candle;* George Abbott will perhaps direct *Man on a Tiger*, which treats of the tension between an ad exec and a TV comic; Ira Levin, who wrote the novel *A Kiss Before Dying* and moulded *No Time for Sergeants* into a play, will be on deck with a psychological melodrama named *Interlock;* and those indefatigable adaptors, Ruth and Augustus Goetz, who have made a living by dramatizing Henry James, will do the same for Storm Jameson's novel, *Hidden River*, which they'll call *The Trade of Kings*. Oddly enough, it was not the Goetzes, but Guy Bolton, who turned Henry James' *Wings of the Dove* into *Child of Fortune* for Jed Harris. Harris says Reginald Denny and Mildred Dunnock will star in this drama of a father who hires a young fellow to marry his soon-to-die daughter.

It's entirely possible that such important writers as Tennessee Williams and Paul Osborn, playwrights, and John O'Hara, the novelist, will be represented in the showshops during the current season. Mr. Williams, described by Director Elia Kazan as the finest talent among the playwrights of today, has plays called *Orpheus Descending* and *Sweet Bird of Youth* on the docket. Paul Osborn is the author of *Maiden Voyage*, which concerns the gods on Mount Olympus, and John O'Hara has turned out a drama that bears the title of *You Are My Sister*.

"We like it," said Producer Richard Myers a few weeks ago, "and we hope to produce it. If the author and the director, Herman Shumlin, can agree on certain treatments without slaughtering each other we will probably go into production." This Mr. Myers, incidentally, is the producing partner of Julius Fleischman, Cincinnati millionaire, who has interests in tin, copper, silver, gold, zinc, real estate, opera and the ballet. If they can just find the plays the Messrs. Myers and Fleischman will have the money for them.

So the show goes on in the New York area that has the all-inclusive name of Broadway, a place and a business and a state of mind in which losses are catastrophic and jack-pots are rare — but the current fall finds the producers just as hopeful as ever. The general situation in theatretown has been brightened immeasurably as a result of the fine season of 1955-56, a season of such quality that many of the habitually gloomy showmen are now inclined toward rosy predictions.




## HEMINGWAY

*(continued from page 62)*

nearly blew me over.

"The winnah and still champion: *Papa*!" I announced.

"Cut that out and come up to the bar," he said.

I couldn't have gone anywhere else if I wanted to. In a second everybody had broken the circle and headed for the bar. I was carried along in the crush of cheering, yelling fight fans. They filled the bar and overflowed on to the jetty. Must be a regular ritual, I thought. But they didn't look like fight fans. They looked more like kids just out of school.

And the biggest kid of them all was Hemingway. He showed them how he let go that right while the four extra bartenders were passing out soft drinks. I noticed *he* wasn't drinking a soft drink. They could have anything they liked, he told me, but they liked the sweet stuff. I got a Scotch. I asked him if it was a legal holiday on the island. Nobody seemed to be working.

"Every day is a holiday here," he said, "unless you call fishing work."

While we were standing there the loser came in and got a big hand. They opened up a path for him to the bar. He was still a little wobbly but he ordered a root-beer. I slipped him the ten spot and he thanked me politely.

"My word," he said, "what happened?"

"You forgot to duck," Ernest said.

Gib and I got a great kick out of the big bruiser saying "My word" and drinking root-beer through a straw. Maybe he's not so tough after all, I thought. You know how it is. When you see a guy knocked cold he does not look so tough afterwards. And you get sore at the guy who hit him.

Ernest must have read my mind. "How did you like the fight?" he said.

"Too one-sided," I said, "and a little sadistic. You didn't have to hit the poor palooka so hard."

That ought to burn him up, I thought. But it didn't seem to. He just put his arm around me and hissed in my ear:

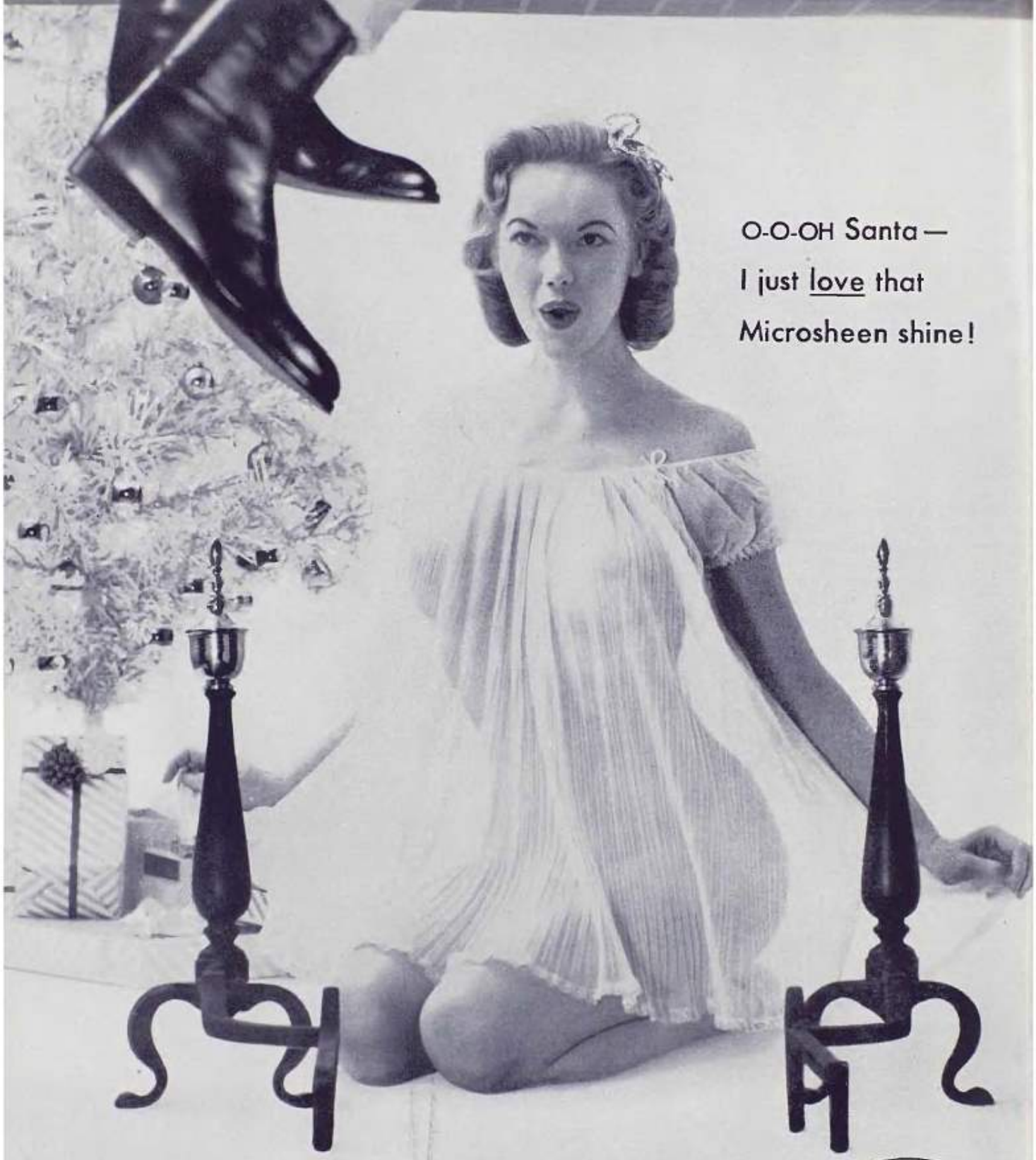
"Bet you a thousand bucks to a hundred you can't stay two rounds with him right now," he said.

That's a lot of dough, I thought. A thousand for only six minutes work. I glanced over at the loser. Those kids recover fast, I thought.

"Don't be silly," I said.

"Time for my siesta," he said and headed for the hotel. That was around noon and we did not see him again the rest of the day or night. About eighteen hours straight sleep. Some siesta.

NEXT MONTH:
ROUND 7: "MEN WITHOUT WOMEN"




Miss Microsheen, and every other slick chick, recognize *quality* when they see it. They know at a glance that a MICROSHEEN shine "stands out"—tells the world you're really going places. So for the holidays—and before every date *all year 'round*—be sure *your shoes* have that well-groomed "million dollar" MICROSHEEN look. Buy a can today. And ask Santa to slip a can in your stocking.

**GRIFFIN MICROSHEEN STAIN BOOT POLISH**

Black • Brown • Tan • Oxblood • Cordovan • Mahogany • Blue • Red • Neutral

All orders should be sent to the addresses listed in the descriptive paragraphs and checks or money orders made payable to the individual companies. With the exception of personalized items, all of these products are guaranteed by the companies and you must be entirely satisfied or the complete purchase price will be refunded.

### FOR TWEEDY-PIE

No sensible female would think of doing her week-end gadding without this combination hand bag and carry-all. The surface is salt-and-pepper tweed in washable vinyl plastic, and the handle is designed for over-the-arm slinging; there's brass hardware and a red moire lining, too. Case measures a big 14½" x 9½" x 3¾", costs a small $9.95 ppd., from *Gift World*, Dept. E, 35 Tarrytown Road, White Plains, N.Y.

### WHO'S WHO

A name plate: the definitive way to separate the top brass from the schlemiels. This little social register comes in a choice of woods (limed or natural oak, walnut) and the plate is solid brass (engraved in script or block letters); at no extra charge, the management includes a wee plate on back with your name as donor. Sold? OK, dispatch $11.95 (ppd.) to *Foeller Co.*, Dept. M, 1716 Deckner Ave., Green Bay, Wisconsin.

### A LARK FOR LAGER

Ja, das ist ein fine beer stein: a pewter-topped, suds-happy, 16 oz. tankard with Swiss music box tucked in the base. The damn thing tinkles a *fröhlich* bibber's ballad whenever you raise it to drink, which will be often, then stays quiet when you set it down. Around the sides of the stein (10" high) prance a bevy of busty Bavarian barmaids hand-painted in four colors. Comes from West Germany, land of the malt and the hop, via *P. Colias Imports*, Dept. C, 4916 N. Washtenaw, Chicago 25, Ill., for a frugal $14.95 ppd.

### A DAY TO REMEMBER

Unless you'd rather forget it, fix that special date in her mind with this sentimental old 14K calendar charm. The memorable day is prong-set with a phony ruby on an engraved calendar ($11); those who feel expansive can toss in the spiral bracelet ($32 complete). Rush along the day, month and year of your folly (plus loot) to *Holiday House*, Dept. F, 2611 Bellevue Thea. Bldg., Upper Montclair, N. J.

### BROGAN BUDDY

Shoe enough, here's a self-adjusting hardwood shoe tree that fits your brogan as snugly as, well, your own foot. The secret, here divulged for the first time in *any* national magazine, is a cunning spring mechanism that has eluded scientists for many years. No applause, please; just specify shoe size and width, drop a five spot in the mail and get a pair ppd. and p.d.q. from *Todd's*, Dept. B, 209 S. State St., Chicago 4, Ill.

## LIKE TO COLLECT RECORDS?

We've seen our share of record racks, but this one is so handsome we just couldn't pass it up! 10 compartments hold your symphonies, operas, ballets, blondes, brunettes and redheads. Of black wrought iron, it holds over 200 albums in a 25"x22"x10" space. Please remit $9.95 (shipping chgs. collect) to Leslie Creations, Dept. 216Q, Lafayette Hill, Pa.

Cuter than a cute French maid
Is the **E-Z READING AID,**
Soothes your eyes and holds your book
Or magazine, where you should look!
Take it with you every trip—
No wife will object to it!
If for speeches you are due,
**E-Z AID** will help there too.
***Lightweight, versatile, easily folded, ideal for hard to please men—$3.98***
*Send cash, check or money order to:*
**FELICE PROD.** 1520 Hilton St., Phila. 40, Pa.

**A GIFT WORTH GIVING: PLAYBOY**

by **LINGUAPHONE**
The World's Standard Conversational Method
**SPANISH** (American or European) • **FRENCH** • **GERMAN**
**JAPANESE** • **ITALIAN** • **RUSSIAN**
**MODERN GREEK** any of 34 languages available
for **FREE TRIAL AT HOME**

A Linguaphone Recorded Language Set is a lasting gift for young and mature—an invaluable asset in business, travel, school, armed services and social life.

**YOU LISTEN AND LEARN IN 20 MINUTES A DAY**

With LINGUAPHONE's *life-like recordings*, you LEARN another language the same easy, natural way you learned your own—AT HOME you hear 4 to 12 of the world's best native linguaphone teachers, both men and women, speak. You listen—you *Understand*—YOU SPEAK! It's like living in a foreign land. Used internationally by schools, colleges, and business firms. More than a million home-study students.

Send today for Free booklet, "Passport to a New World," that fully describes the conversational method; also details on how you may obtain a COMPLETE Course—sent in the language you choose on FREE TRIAL.

Linguaphone Institute CI 7-083C
T-23-126 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y.
Please send me: ☐ FREE Book ☐ Details on FREE Trial. No obligation, of course.
My language interest is.....
Name.....
Address.....
City.....Zone.....State.....
The World's Standard Conversational Method for Over Half a Century.

## CONCEIVING CAN BE FUN

*(continued from page 64)*

AVOID DIAPER RASH

From the beginning your role as a father is one of guidance. You will be helping to shape the little mind. Time and again, however, you will be carried away by a wave of sentimentality and be tempted to enter into the physical, or bottle and diaper side, of parenthood. Control these impulses. Your duty is to the *mind*, and it is here that your own fine mental equipment can be used to the full.

The father who lets himself slide into the *physical* will soon regret it. He will succeed only in damaging his health.

No need to be timid. It is perfectly safe to touch babies, preferably above the waist. An occasional pat on the head will do no harm whatever and is appreciated by the child. You will run small risk of infection as long as the child is kept clean.

It is easy to convince your wife that you are acting in the best interests of the family as a whole.

"David, wake up, it's your turn to walk the baby!"

"Ummmmm, yes, pet. Looking forward to it. Ooops!"

*(Let any heavy bedside object crash to the floor.)*

"David!"

"It's nothing, pet. Just my fingers. Keep opening, you know. No need to worry. Just can't seem to hold things firmly."

"David, maybe you shouldn't —"

"It'll be all right. No problem to hold the little devil, if he doesn't move."

If this does not have the right effect, take the next easy step.

"Funniest thing happened, pet. Little rascal just slipped through my fingers."

"Oh, no!"

"Bed was right there. Lucky wasn't it! Guess there must be some kinda Providence that watches over clumsy daddies, huh?"

Never be disagreeable, never be surly. The attitude you are trying to create is one of good-hearted incompetence. This will bring a happy home life to everyone.

BABIES ARE STURDIER THAN THEY LOOK

Actually you will find that babies are made of tough, cartilaginous material and are far sturdier than they look.

Babies will bend, but seldom break. It is not good to drop babies purposely, but falls from moderate heights seem to do them small harm.

These facts, however, are best to hide from your wife. Keep alive the fiction that a small child is as fragile as china.

Try as you will, though, it is difficult

*(continued overleaf)*

**Exciting, new Alpha Swiss timepiece**
This gold-filled watch with transparent crystal back reveals 17 lifetime jewels and shockproof movement. Outside dial is in 3-dimension and outstanding starred center dial available in black, red, blue or green with matching brown or black alligator strap. This fine Alpha watch, handsomely packaged, famous since 1912 with factories in Switzerland, is nationally advertised at $92.50. Special Christmas offer is being made now for the first time to Playboy's readers for $49.95 Tax Inc., P.P.D. Send check or M.O. Delivers can be made in time for Xmas. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.
**ALPHA WATCH CO., 6 EAST 46TH ST., N. Y. 17, N. Y.**

*A Useful Gift for the*

**Sportsman, Hobbyist Traveler, Birdwatcher**

Imported Full 10-power Prism Monocular provides clear long range vision. Ideal for hunting, sports events, travel. 2¾" long . . . small enough to fit in watch pocket.

*Coated optics, with neck cord & pigskin case* ..... **$15.00** postpaid

**E. B. Meyrowitz Inc. OPTICIANS**
*Helping Sight & Hearing Since 1875*
520 Fifth Ave. (43rd St.) Dept. P, N. Y. 36, N. Y.

GIFT GIVING MADE EASY:
A SUBSCRIPTION TO PLAYBOY

**GLITTERING STARS** that flatter with subtle fascination. In the informal brightness of the street sun or in the moody illumination of a dim rendezvous, the diamond-cut facets of your ears gather the light in a shimmering luster. Hand cut and polished from genuine rock crystal with sterling silver backs. Screw type sent unless pierced ear type is specified. The earring pair, $5 delivered. A matching necklace with a considerably larger star on a narrow 40-inch black velvet ribbon is worn either as a pendant or choker. Use other color ribbons for striking accessory effects. The necklace, $5 delivered. The earring-necklace set, $9.50, ordered at the same time and sent to the same address. Satisfaction guaranteed: either may be returned for $5 refund, or both for $9.50 refund. HUTCHINGS-MARMADUKE, 260-D KEARNY BLDG., SAN FRANCISCO 8, CALIFORNIA.

# BARB GARB

No self-respecting critic should be without the emblem that brings dignity to the bare lapel. Don't let your opinions go unrecognized! In dorm or office, a **REGISTERED CRITIC KIT** with jewelry-quality bronze pin, parchment wall certificate for den or desk, and impressive membership card **GIVES AUTHORITY** to your views on women, politics, or sports. Dig for $1.95 and mail to **CRITICS PANEL, Dept. P-2, Box 3113, Philadelphia 50, Pa.**

**THE PUBLISHERS OF PLAYBOY**

proudly present

# TRUMP

the new humor magazine

***NOW ON SALE AT YOUR NEWSSTAND***

WISHBONE RING

Attractive! Novel! This unusual ring is the perfect gift for the man or woman with discriminating taste. In sterling silver the Wishbone Ring sells for $5.65 (with birth stone $9.04); in gold $11.30 (with birth stone $16.38). All prices include tax. Please state ring size. Cash on order, sorry no C.O.D.'s.

SCHOLLA BROS.

1608 N. Milwaukee Ave. Chicago, Ill.

BARRELS OF FUN

And Makes Sense, too!

Drink-O-Meter knows if you have had a drink; need a drink; or are about to fall flat on your face. The magic tape tells the tale. The perfect extra gift to hang on the neck of a bottle, tuck in the toe of a stocking—or tie on the tree. Good for 1000 laughs and hours of cockeyed conversation in figuring how it works. For your favorite friends—riotous relatives—cantankerous clients.

$1.25 postpaid

KEYSTAN CO., DEPT. P-12, Briarcliff Manor, N. Y.

PLAYBOY BINDER

$3

Sturdy binder holds 12 ageless issues of PLAYBOY Magazine's name and emblem stamped in gold leaf.

PLAYBOY BOOK DEPT., 11 E. Superior St.
Chicago 11, Illinois

FEMALES BY COLE

Now on cocktail napkins: a series of your favorite feminine nip-ups by droll Jack Cole. 18 devilish situations (including *Glutton, Persnickety, Narcissus,* etc.) you've chuckled over in the pages of PLAYBOY—on 36 clean white napkins, for your next festive spree. The cost? Low. Just one buck per box, postpaid. Dash off your personal check tonight.

PLAYBOY COCKTAIL NAPKINS
11 E. Superior St.
Chicago 11, Illinois

Your electric shaver—new or old needs Marino's Compound!

Most electric shavers soon "cry"—cutting blades become dull, your face chafes. Regular easy application of Marino's Compound—a patented prescription of the finest honing ingredients—guarantees that "straight edge" shave you want. Even rejuvenates old electric shavers. One minute treatment and shaver's ready for use.

A hundred thousand beards already knew how Marino's helps. Six months supply in every tube. $1.00 postpaid. Fine for her electric shaver, too. Send for your Marino's Compound today.

MARINO'S, Dept. 12, 625 West Monroe, Chicago 6, Ill.

Please rush.....tubes of Marino's Compound @ $1.00 per tube postpaid. Enclosed is $.....by check or money order. No stamps or COD's, please. Money back guarantee, of course.

Name .....

Address.....City .....State.....

to continue this tactic to the second and third child. You may run into this reaction.

"Gosh, pet, I just dropped the baby!"

"Oh? Didn't break the bottle, did you?"

At this stage it is best to use a different approach:

"David, what are you *doing* in there?"

"Just putting diapers on the baby. Did have to rummage through the closet a bit."

*(The entire contents of the closet will be on the floor.)*

"Oh, my!"

"Couldn't find the talcum."

"It was right there!"

"Oh, stupid of me. Was messy, wasn't I?"

*(This is another good place to use the lovable, lopsided smile.)*

"Really, David, it's easier for me to do it myself!"

Soon she will see the wisdom of this last remark. But your attitude must still be one of cheerful cooperation.

### DON'T PUSH YOUR CHILD

Time and again we find parents who attempt to push their children ahead, to make them walk, talk, or perform other feats beyond their years. This is a serious mistake. It can cause physical and psychological damage not only to the child, but to the father as well.

As soon as your child begins to walk, you will look back to the quiet peaceful days when he sat in a happy little lump, cooing and gurgling.

The child who learns to walk before reaching the age of reason is like an avenging army, bringing chaos and destruction wherever it moves. Everything that can be torn, broken, or chewed must be moved to a high level. Soon the child will learn to climb and all will be lost.

*The Case for the Backward Child.*

There is a great deal to be said for the backward child. If your baby shows any sign of being backward, encourage him. The backward child is quiet, easily managed, and far less destructive. He will be a real joy to you, and there is no reason to worry that this will harm him in later life. Thousands of our nation's leaders in business and government were backward children and a source of needless worry to their parents.

### A PLACE FOR BABY TO PLAY

*The Play Pen.*

The play pen is an invention ranking with the electric light and the cotton gin. As long as your child can be persuaded to stay in it, your home will run smoothly and efficiently. This may last a year and a half or two years. However, a backward child properly encouraged can easily stretch it to three.

**CARICATURE CUFF LINKS**

GOLFER

**24 STYLES . . . GIFT BOXED**

Bull thrower Doctor Golfer
Proud papa Bar tender Baseball player
Basketball player Dentist Bowler
Money bags Boxer Dice players
Lawyer Executive Fisherman
Football player Hunter Salesman
Skier Sports car driver TV fan
Tennis player Weight lifter
Wrestler

Available in 24k gold or silver rhodium antique finish

ORDER BY MAIL. $5.75 ppd.

**BENNETT-DALE & CO.**

416 Veteran Ave. Los Angeles 24, Calif.



*watch for*

**TRUMP**

*the new*
*humor magazine*

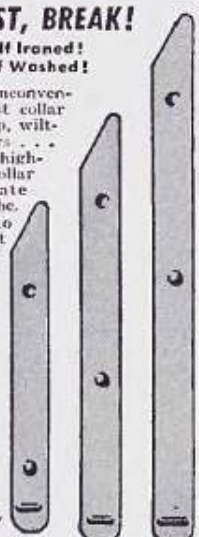


**STAINLESS STEEL COLLAR STAYS**

**Can't BEND, RUST, BREAK!**

- Won't Fuse To Collar If Ironed!
- Won't Twist In Shirt If Washed!

At last you can end the inconvenience of broken and lost collar stays! No more rolled-up, wilted, sloppy-looking collars . . . thanks to Mrs. Damar's high-quality stainless steel collar stays that accommodate your entire shirt wardrobe. Guaranteed never to break, twist, bend or rust . . . even when shirt is washed and ironed. 3 different sizes to fit ALL your collar styles. Protruded top makes them easier to insert and remove — even in starched collars. A lifetime supply — 50 for only $2.00, postpaid. 10-day money-back guarantee. Send check, cash or money order today!



Mrs. Dorothy Damar

525 Damar Bldg., Elizabeth, N. J.

IN CANADA: delivered to your home, 50 for $2.49, 811 Chatham St., Montreal, Que.


Never throw away a play pen after baby will no longer stay in it, even if you are reasonably sure there will be no more children. A sturdy pen can be a real boon. The average over-stuffed chair will fit inside neatly and will protect you for years after the child will no longer remain in it. If your wife is handy with tools she can even extend it upward to make you a real sanctuary.

*Play Areas.*

Many parents are foolish enough to think that their children will amuse themselves — if they provide ample acreage and well-equipped play rooms.

This is wishful thinking. Children want to be *where you are*, preferably on your lap, no matter how much extra space is provided.

This is a flattering tribute to your personal charm and must be experienced to be appreciated.

FEEDING THE BABY

Try to lighten your wife's load whenever possible. One fine way is to help her feed the baby, as long as he is in the bottle stage.

Bottle feeding can be performed by the father without any risk of physical strain, can usually be done in a feet-up position, say, in front of the television set. The baby should be burped about once every commercial.

Other feeding, such as giving pablum, had best be done by more skillful hands. Your first attempt at this will be enough to convince your wife.

"Isn't it cute, dear, how he goes for it!"

"What did you do, pour it into the electric fan?"

*(This can be done, of course, but is seldom necessary if you have a healthy, vigorous child.)*

"No, he did it all by himself! Show mommy how we eat it all by ourselves!"

It is best to wear a plastic raincoat or other impervious garment for this demonstration.

ENJOY YOUR BABY

Once the dreary, time-consuming and unsanitary duties are handled, babies can be a real pleasure. To see their merry little smiles, to hear their bubbling baby laughter, and to feel them put their little arms around daddy's neck — these alone will make all your sacrifices seem worth while.

Let the children think of you as the gay, fun-loving member of the family, always ready for a laugh, a romp, or a game. You will have many happy hours together. Therefore, conceive away! The sooner you begin, the better.

NEXT MONTH:

"THE HANDLING OF WOMEN IN BUSINESS"

**LIGHTER**

**$20** Postpaid

We're waving the flag. Colonial Americana asserts itself in today's living. An authentic reproduction of the tinder lighter with the superb construction of contemporary lighter engineering. Press the trigger and you have a light . . . works smoothly every time. Send check or m.o. to THE DOMINO, 1450 E. 57th St., Chicago. Handsomely gift boxed. Enclose your own gift card if you wish. It's for every den or living room that has a man in it. Dept. PD-1



**AUTHENTIC BULLFIGHTER'S CAPE**

**And Other Bullfighting Equipment**

From the workshops of the artisans who make the capes for the matadors of Mexico, Sensational de wall decorations or for use as a practice cape. Also available, action photos from the private collection of renowned bullfight photographer.

| | |
|---|---|
| CAPES | $42.50 |
| MULETAS | 25.00 |
| BANDERILLAS DE LUJO (Pair) | 5.00 |
| SWORDS (Spanish) | 75.00 |
| 14 11 x 14 PHOTOS | 8.50 |

IMPORTED EXCLUSIVELY BY:
**AFICIONADOS, Box E-2, Avalon, California**
No C.O.D.s Please (In California Add 4% Sales Tax)



GIVE PLAYBOY FOR
Christmas
SEE PAGE 88

**THE MISSING LINKS?**

A pair of Mexican agate cuff links that mark the evolution of **homofashionplatis** (that's scientific jargon for modern man-of-good-taste). Each pair different—exclusive touches of pastel color which will please the most exacting playboy on your list. Smart sterling silver swivel mounts designed for convenience and good looks. About one inch in diameter, with whorls of wardrobe matching masculine colors. Come in handy doeskin bags which will keep the silver shining. Pair postpaid, $12.50 (tax incl.) No C.O.D.'s, please.

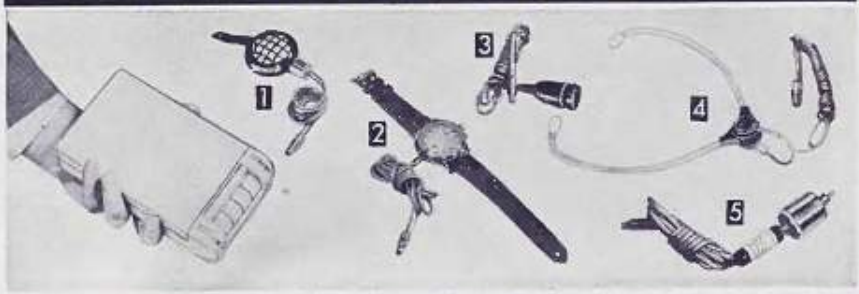
**MARTIN'S MODERNS, Box 95, Idaho Falls, Idaho**

## PLAYBOY CUFF LINKS

NO JEWELRY COLLECTION IS COMPLETE WITHOUT A PAIR OF THESE DISTINCTIVE BLACK ENAMEL CUFF LINKS. PLAYBOY'S FAMILIAR RABBIT EMBLEM IS ENGRAVED IN WHITE ON A BLACK METAL BASE. HANDSOMELY BOXED. THEY SELL FOR $4.00 THE PAIR. POSTPAID. WITH MATCHING TIE PIN, $6.00; TIE PIN ALONE, $2.00. SEND YOUR CHECK OR MONEY ORDER TO:

PLAYBOY CUFF LINKS, 11 E. SUPERIOR ST. CHICAGO 11, ILLINOIS

## CONFIDENTIAL POCKET RECORDER




### Record Conversation, Anything You Want, Anywhere, Anytime

Fine German craftsmanship (and $250,000) went into the engineering of this self-contained, push-button POCKET RECORDER used by businessmen in Europe and by police all over the world. Easily carried in coat or pants pocket (weighs under 2 lbs.), it records for 4 hours on batteries or electricity through grill (1) and wrist watch (2) mikes, and suction cup telephone mike (3) that records two-way conversation. Plays back immediately through microphone, stethoscopic earphones (4), and radio or phono with attachment (5). For businessmen, lawyers, doctors — this remarkable instrument can save you time, in effect serve as a third hand. About $289.50. For brochure, call MU 2-5837, or write Lincoln Electronics, 1345-P Lincoln Building, New York 17, N. Y.

## PLAY the HORSES?

Enjoy it MORE with

### ODDS-O-MATIC

More fun at the races! Real conversation piece, yet practical. Solves complicated odds problems quickly. Shows what to bet to cover your losses and come out ahead if your horse wins. 3000 possible bets in handy slide rule. Fits your pocket. Order ODDS-O-MATIC today! Check or money order. $3.00 postpaid.

**Odds-O-Matic**

8716 DELMAR BLVD., ST. LOUIS 24, MO.

## Do you have a "RICH MAN'S" FOOT?

Save money on

Sizes 10-16-Widths AAA-EEE

We SPECIALIZE in large sizes only—sizes 10 to 16; widths AAA to EEE. Wing Tips; Hand-Sewn Vamp Casuals; Cordovans; Dress Oxfords; Golf Shoes; Insulated Boots; Work Shoes; Sox; Slippers; Rubbers. Enjoy the finest in fit, comfort, style at amazingly low cost. Extra-long sleeve Shirts, too! Mail only. Write for FREE Style Book TODAY!

SEND FOR FREE CATALOG

KING-SIZE, INC. 992 Brockton, Mass.


# Hot Holiday Cheer

*(continued from page 34)*

the peel.

MULLED WINE
*(6 to 8 drinks)*

1 fifth dry red wine, Burgundy or Claret type
1 cup boiling water
½ cup sugar
1 lemon, sliced
1 orange, sliced
12 whole allspice
12 whole cloves
4 inches stick cinnamon

In a large saucepan combine the boiling water, sugar, sliced lemon, sliced orange, allspice, cloves and stick cinnamon. Bring to a boil. Reduce flame and simmer 5 minutes. Add the wine. Bring up to the boiling point. *Do not boil* but simmer 10 minutes. Pour the hot mulled wine into glasses or mugs. Place a slice of lemon, a slice of orange and a few whole spices in each glass.

SWEDISH GLÖGG
*(6 to 8 drinks)*

There are dozens of recipes for this Swedish holiday drink. The proponent of each insists that his is the right one. The one below is PLAYBOY's "right" way of doing it.

1 fifth red wine, Burgundy or Claret
½ cup sugar
1 cup brandy
16 whole cloves
8 2-inch pieces stick cinnamon
Raisins
Peeled unsalted almonds

In a large saucepan combine the wine, sugar, cloves and stick cinnamon. Bring to the boiling point. Reduce flame and simmer 5 to 8 minutes. Stir in the brandy. Put a few raisins and almonds in each mug or glass. Add the glögg and serve.

HOT EGG NOG
*(1 drink)*

1 egg
1 tablespoon sugar
Dash of salt
¾ cup (6 ounces) hot milk
2 ounces hot cognac
1 teaspoon dark Jamaica rum
Dash of ground nutmeg

Put whole egg and dash of salt in mixing bowl. (It is not necessary to separate egg white from yolk and beat each separately.) Beat egg by machine or rotary egg beater until it is very thick and lemon-yellow in color. Add sugar and beat until sugar is blended in. Add hot milk, cognac and rum. Stir well. Pour into an oversize Tom Collins glass. Sprinkle lightly with a dash of ground nutmeg. Let nothing you dismay.

Ivy Look
WATCH BANDS
Ivy inspired fits all men's watches . . . imported fabrics, sturdy back. In ivy stripes or miniature tartan plaids . . . please specify. Approved by Sisson's exclusive College Advisory Board. A smart gift, order several . . .
$1.25 Postage Paid Tax incl. No COD
Introductory Xmas offer at . . .
Sisson's
College Apparel Since 1899
Address . . . Milwaukee 2, Wis.

CRAZY ANGEL
GREETING CARDS
Six new holiday designs for your more sophisticated friends
Black and gold on white background
Box of 12 only $2.95
JOHN PAUL ASSOCIATES
P.O. Box 66, Schenectady, N. Y.

CLARKS OF ENGLAND
DESERT BOOT
Soft as a slipper, light as a feather—and tough as the Sahara itself. Supple suede uppers with genuine plantation crepe soles to put a spring in your step.
Perfect year 'round companions for your campus or sports attire. Their looks improve with age . . . made for English country squires by CLARKS OF ENGLAND.
color—Natural Sand
price—$12.95, prepaid
sizes—6 through 13
Send check or money order to DOBBS LTD., Dept. PD, 2428 Broadway, Lubbock, Tex.

watch for
TRUMP
the new
humor magazine

MIDGET RADIO
AMAZING LOW PRICE
Suntone Midget Portable Radio — Guaranteed!
Amazing tone and powerful speaker or ear-plugs for private listening.
Features: Full range dial . . 530 to 1650 Kilocycles • automatic volume control • built-in loop stick antenna • super strength plastic case • built-in flashlite!
The ideal gift! Made to sell for $39.95. Sent post paid with payment in advance. If C.O.D., send $5.00. Limited offer.
Batteries $2.95
Earphone attachment $2.95
only 19.95
Rush your order today to:
MELROSE HOUSE
7969 Melrose Ave. • Los Angeles 46, California

## DARK MUSIC

(continued from page 22)

In the event it isn't, let me tell you again. There will be no sex education program at Overton so long as I am in charge of the biology department. I consider the suggestion vile and unspeakable—and quite impractical—and I am not to be persuaded otherwise: neither by yourself, nor by that journalist, nor by the combined efforts of the faculty. Because, Mr. Tracy, I feel a responsibility toward my students. Not only to fill their minds with biological data, but to protect them, also." Her voice was even. "If you wish to take action, of course, you are at liberty to do so —"

"I wouldn't want to do that," Owen Tracy said. He seemed to be struggling with his calm.

"I think that's wise," Miss Maple said. She paused and stared at the principal.

"And what is that supposed to mean?"

"Simply that any measures to interrupt or impede my work, or force changes upon the present curriculum, will prove embarrassing, Mr. Tracy, both to yourself and to Overton." She noticed his fingers and how they were curling.

"Go on."

"I hardly think that's necessary."

"I do. Go on, please."

"I may be . . . old-fashioned . . . ," she said, "but I am not stupid. Nor am I unobservant. I happen to have learned some of the facts concerning yourself and Miss Bond . . ."

Owen Tracy's charm fled like a released animal. Anger twitched along his temples. "I see."

They looked at one another for a while; then the principal turned and started back in the opposite direction. The fire had gone out of his eyes. After a few steps, he turned again and said, "It may interest you to know that Miss Bond and I are going to be married at the end of the term."

"I wonder why," Miss Maple said, and left the tall man standing in the twilight.

She felt a surge of exultation as she went up the stairs of her apartment. Of course she'd known nothing about them, only guessed: but when you think the worst of people, you're seldom disappointed. It had been true, after all. And now her position was absolutely unassailable.

She opened cans and bottles and packages and prepared her usual supper. Then, when the dishes were done, she read Richards' *Practical Criticism* until 9:00. At 9:30 she tested the doors to see that they were securely locked, drew the curtains, fastened the windows and removed her clothes, hanging them care-

Say Merry Christmas
with the FINEST of FLORIDA FRUITS from Cobbs
"Your friends, business associates and loved ones will say, "How thoughtful!" For 22 years, World Famous COBBS gaily packaged Fruits and Delicacies have been excitingly received by millions! You can give no finer gifts" Henry Cobbs
Gift No. 14 $6.95
This colorful, hand-woven Tia Juana Hamper, heaped high with luscious fruits . . . giant Grapefruit, Pineapple Oranges, Persian Limes, three jars of Preserves . . . Pineapple Jam, Orange-Cherry Preserves, Citrus Mint Jelly . . . is purposely packed to thrill the eye and the palate. When emptied, makes a wonderful room decoration and picnic accessory. Weight approx. 12 lbs.
Gift No. 1 $5.95
Same as Gift No. 2 except does not contain any delicacies . . . all fruit.
Gift No. 2 $7.45
Approx. 27 lbs.—Fruits 'n Jams, delightful to look at, delectable to taste. Oranges big as Coconuts and Grapefruit even bigger. Chinese Kumquats, Persian Limes and 3 jars of Guava Jelly, Pineapple-Cherry Marmalade and Tropical Fruit Conserve . . . an exciting treat.
OBEY THAT Christmas URGE
Order Now!
Send check or money order; express prepaid. No foreign shipments except Canada—add 15% for Canada and West of the Rockies.
Cobbs
Box 7-D
LITTLE RIVER (MIAMI), FLORIDA
FREE GIFT CATALOG SENT ON REQUEST

A SUBSCRIPTION TO
PLAYBOY
IS 12 GIFTS IN ONE

FAMILY ARMS (Name please)
We file records and supply shields of authentic Heraldic Arms bourne in thousands of old families from Britain
$5.90 : $15.00 : $8.50 ppd.
HUNTER & SMALLPAGE, YORK, ENGLAND

**MARTINI GIGGER**

**An Unusual Christmas Gift for Yourself and Friends**

Don't get in a maze of formulas. To make the perfect martini (Manhattan or a 4-1 drink) use the Martini Gigger. This jigger is mathematically calculated for an absolute 4 to 1 ratio. The smaller end is exactly .7 of an ounce. The larger end is exactly 2.8 ounces. The total of the two volumes is 3.5 ounces, the capacity of the average cocktail glass. (Pat. Pend.) Made of gleaming, highly polished, durable metal. Packed in a beautiful gift box.

Only $4.95 Post Paid! (Glass not included) No COD's please. Order now! Send check or money order to Perry Associates, P.O. Box 9232, Prairie Village 15, Kansas.

GIVE PLAYBOY
for a cool yule

new FREE booklet tells HOW YOU CAN ADD almost 2 INCHES TO YOUR HEIGHT with

you may think you're TALL enough but.....

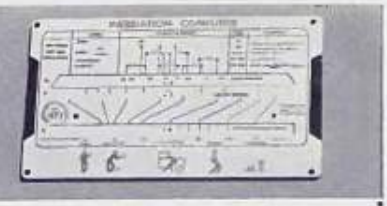
THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE ELEVATORS*
HEIGHT-INCREASING SHOES "YOUR PERSONAL PEDESTAL"

Styles for Street, Dress, Sport.

Lack of height can hurt your chances for success! Why sell yourself short? "ELEVATORS," amazing height-increasing shoes make you almost 2 inches taller instantly. Only you know "ELEVATORS" secret; but everyone immediately notices the difference in your appearance.

Write for FREE "ELEVATORS" BOOKLET today!

STONE-TARLOW CO., INC.
Dept. P-12, Brockton 68, Mass.
Please send Free Booklet and name of nearest dealer. I understand no salesman will call.
NAME _____ (Please Print)
Address _____
City _____ State _____



**IS SHE SOBER?**

For the playboy who leaves nothing to chance the Inebriation Computer is a must. Scientifically designed to calculate the actual degree of inebriation, this computer is beautifully printed and die-cut. It accurately weighs all the risks including the drive home. $1.00 each pp.

PALMER PRODUCTS COMPANY
P.O. Box 33, Fleetwood, New York

IMPORTED "Mannen" RUBBER
**SHOWER SHOES**

Safe NON-SKID Soles! For Shower, Pool, and Lounging. Noiseless—Durable—Pack Easily—

Men's Sizes: 7-13. Ladies' Sizes: Small, Medium, and Large.

Colors: Blue, Green and Grey. (Red and White available some sizes.)

NOW ONLY $1.98 per pair postpaid

Satisfaction Guaranteed or your money refunded! Please state shoe size and 2 color choices when ordering.

SHOWER SHOE SUPPLY CO.
Dept. P11, Box 276, Littleton, N. C.

BEST BUY IN HI-FI
*Grommes*

10PG 10 Watt High Fidelity Amplifier

Here is new styling with a full set of controls providing exceptional flexibility in a moderately priced amplifier. A simple efficient flat compact design features modern feedback circuitry, record compensator, loudness control, wide range bass and treble controls, rumble and scratch filters, and six inputs, including one for tape head. Frequency Response: ±0.5 DB. 20 to 20,000 CPS. Distortion: 2% harmonic and 3% intermodulation at 10 watts.

Net Price to user..... ....57.50

15PG 12 Watt High Fidelity Amplifier

The best buy in the medium priced field. The all new deluxe 15PG features the most advanced circuitry, the highest quality components and greater flexibility of controls. Net Price .69.50

See your Hi-Fi Dealer

or write

*Grommes* Div. of Precision Electronics, Inc.
Dept. B-12, 9101 King, Franklin Park, Illinois

☐ Send Free Hi-Fi Equipment Brochure.

GENTLEMEN PREFER PLAYBOY FOR CHRISTMAS


fully in the one small closet.

The gown she chose was white cotton, chin-high and ankle-low, faintly figured with tiny fleurs de lis. For a brief moment her naked body was exposed; then, at once, covered up again, wrapped, encased, sealed.

She lay down, quite prepared to sink gracefully into sleep. For some reason, she could not. Sleep refused to come. After a time she got up, warmed and drank some milk; still, curiously, she was wakeful.

Then she heard the music.

The pipes: the high-pitched, dancing pipes of the afternoon, so distant now that she felt perhaps she was imagining them, so real she knew she couldn't be. Perhaps the radio? She checked it: it was off. Someone else's radio? No.

Miss Maple decided to ignore the sounds, and the strange feeling that was creeping upon her alone in her bed. She pressed the pillow tight against her ears, and held it there.

The music grew, indescribably beautiful, melancholy, yearning . . .

She threw off the covers and began to pace the room, hands clenched. The sounds came through the locked windows. Through the locked doors. Calling.

She remembered things, without remembering them.

She fought another minute, very hard: then surrendered. Without knowing why — except to tell herself that it was terribly stuffy in the room and that a ride in the cool night air would help her sinuses — she walked to the closet and removed her gray coat. She put it on over her nightgown. Then she opened a bureau drawer and pocketed a ring of keys, walked out the front door, down the hall, her naked feet silent upon the thick-piled carpet, and into the garage where it was dark. The music played fast, her heart beat fast, and she moaned softly when the seldom-used automobile sat cold and unresponding to her touch.

At last it came to life, and in moments she was out of town, driving faster than she had ever driven, pointed toward the wine-dark waters of the Gulf. The highway turned beneath her in a blur and sometimes, on the curves, she heard the shocked and painful cry of the tires, but it didn't matter. Nothing mattered, except the music.

Though her eyes were blind, her instinct found the turn-off, and soon she was walking across the moon-white path of shells, unmindful of the thousand razor sharpness that cut into her feet.

Now the piping was inside her. She was drawn across the path and into the field and across the field and into the trees, not feeling the cold sharp fingers of brush tearing at her and the high wet grass soaking her and the stones

## A $2 KozaK DRYwashes Your Car 50 to 100 Times FREE!

Cleans autos fast and easy. The original auto DRYwash. 10 million sold. Hundreds of unsuccessful imitators for 30 years! Use with equal success on Cadillac or priceless antique. Removes dirt, polishes, cleans, saves time, work, money. No water needed. **Safe, protects finish.** Takes a few seconds, save entire coat on first use. And you must be astonished, delighted, tickled pink, **or keep it and get your money back by return mail.**

### SPECIAL:

We'll send big, soft, deep pile KozaKs postpaid Xmas gift wrapped, the same day your order is received. Regular KozaK, $2 each. SUPER KozaK $3 (lasts 4 times longer). Deluxe offer 2 regulars and one SUPER, $7 value for only $5. Plaid kit-bag, gloves and SHAM-ET $1 extra. **ORDER NOW from KozaK, 801 S. Lyon St., Batavia, N. Y.**

HUMOROUS DESK SIGNS WITH
FAMEOUS LAST WORDS
FOR SOMEONE YOU KNOW!

8TH VICE PRES. | ULCER DEPT.

THIMK

A MASTER STROKE of humor to touch off recent promotions or funny incidents at the office. Often the disparity between the desk sign you give . . . to a particular person, results in a hilarious aftermath. A sure bet to get a chuckle out of "that" certain business associate or client.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Big Wheel | $2.00 | I Am The Boss | $2.00 |
| The Brain | $2.00 | Keep Smiling | $2.00 |
| Errand Boy | $2.00 | Simon Legree | $2.00 |
| Smile | $2.50 | English Spoke Here | $3.00 |
| Ulcer Dept. | $2.00 | 8th Vice Pres. | $2.00 |
| | | Thimk | $2.50 |

**INCIDENTALLY** . . . these desk signs are of the same high quality as title signs found on any executive's desk. Beautiful walnut grain finish. Pure white lettering engraved deeply into genuine Formica. Base is of transparent Acrylic.

**TO ORDER:** Send check, cash or M.O. Sorry no C.O.D.'s. California residents add 4% state tax. Desk signs mailed postpaid, also direct to person you specify including your business card if so desired. **SATISFACTION GUARANTEED!** Dept. A.

**RANSOM SHERMAN ENTERPRISES** BOX 3190
1608½ N. Wilcox Avenue, Hollywood 28, California

A SUBSCRIPTION TO
**PLAYBOY**
IS 12 GIFTS IN ONE

## "We're looking for people who like to draw..."

says Norman Rockwell, one of America's 12 Most Famous Artists. If you like to draw, you may have talent to become a successful artist, spare or full time. Find out with our remarkable 12-page Free Art Talent Test. Thousands paid $1 to take it. Get it FREE. No obligation. Send your name, address, age to: Famous Artists Schools, Dept. 158-N, Westport, Conn.


daggering her flesh, feeling only the pumping of her heart and the music, calling and calling.

There! The brook was cold, but she was past it, and past the wall of foliage. And there — the grove, moon-silvered and waiting.

Miss Maple tried to pause and rest; but the music would not let her do this. Heat enveloped her: she removed the coat, tore the tiny pearl buttons of her gown and pulled the gown over her head and threw it to the ground.

It did no good. Proper Miss Lydia Maple stood there, while the wind lifted her hair and sent it billowing like shreds of amber silk, and felt the burning and listened to the pipes.

They were frenzied now. In front of her, in back, to the sides of her; growing louder, growing faster, and faster. She heard them deep in her blood and when her body began to sway, rhythmically, she closed her eyes and fought and found she could do nothing.

*Dance!* they seemed to say. *Dance tonight, Miss Maple: now. It's easy. You remember. Dance!*

She swayed and her legs moved, and soon she was taking steps over the tall grass, whirling and pirouetting.

She danced until she could dance no more, then she stopped by the first tree at the end of the grove, and waited for the music to cease as she knew it would.

The forest became silent.

Miss Maple smelled the goaty animal smell and felt it coming closer; she lay against the tree and squinted her eyes, but there was nothing to see, only shadows.

She waited.

There was a laugh — a wild shriek of amusement; bull-like and heavily masculine it was, but wild as no man's laugh ever could be. And then the sweaty fur odor was upon her, and she experienced a strength about her, and there was breath against her face, hot as steam, panting, chuckling.

"Yes," she whispered, and hands touched her, hurting with fierce pain.

"Yes!" and she felt glistening muscles beneath her fingers, and a weight upon her, a shaggy, tawny weight that was neither ghost nor human nor animal, but with much heat: hot as the fires that blazed inside her.

"Yes," said Miss Maple, parting her lips. "Yes! *Yes!*"

• • •

In the days that followed, Miss Maple walked with a new step, and there was a new light in her eyes, but only a few noticed the change: she hid it well. Owen Tracy would stare at her sometimes, and sometimes the other teachers would wonder to themselves why she should be looking so tired so much of the time. But since she did not say or


the **ONE GIFT** they **DON'T** have . . .

## MOPPER *the new absorbing* AFTER-BATH ROBE

Here's a great big, polar bear of a robe that dries you off instantly, cozily, after tub, shower or swim. Made of thick, luxurious, thirsty, snow-white Cannon terry toweling, with yards of comfortable fullness, huge draft-screen collar . . . it's a whopper of a mopper! Has big "carryall" pocket, wrap-around belt, handy hanger-loop, tassle tie at neck, raglan sleeves . . . fits any man or woman perfectly. For six-footers, order king-size—only one dollar more. Get one for yourself . . . several for house guests. Sorry, no C.O.D.'s.

Add 30¢ for gift pack, shipping charges. **$6.95** ea. (SAVE! 3 for $20)

**WOODMERE MILLS, INC.**
Dept. 29, P. O. BOX 167, Bennington, VT.

GIVE **PLAYBOY**
FOR CHRISTMAS

## cuff links

**The gift that's unique and different.** Made from linotype (printers type). Attractive, distinctive, durable. In 24K gold plate. The best gift made for men . . . and women, too.

*Designed especially for women, using small distinctive type.

cuff links by
**RED BEARD** ©

*RED BEARD ENTERPRISES* 6381 Hollywood Blvd. Hollywood 28, California

P12 **ORDER BY MAIL**

Send me.....pair(s) of personalized cuff links *"just my type"*. $10, tax and shipping included.

PLEASE PRINT CUSTOMERS NAME CHECK ☐ CASH ☐

name_____

address_____

city_____ zone____ state_____

PLEASE PRINT NAME(S) ON SEPARATE CARD FOR EACH PAIR OF CUFF LINKS. 14-DAY DELIVERY. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

**Great For Your Little Playmate!** You'll make time with her in no time when you gift her with this good-looking costume pin! It's an exact replica of an old English watch dial, and the hands really move. They're set with simulated emeralds, rubies, sapphires or diamonds, and a larger make-believe diamond in the center stands out handsomely against the antique gold finish. Just $3.95, tax included — specify your choice of stones when ordering. No COD's please. Send for FREE Catalog

**HOUSE OF EUROPEAN SPECIALTIES**
Dept. 502, 29 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

**Double-Breasted Suits Made SINGLE-BREASTED**

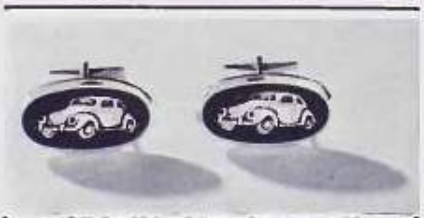
**$19.50 POSTPAID**

Convert your old-fashioned double-breasted suit or tux to a smart new single-breasted model for only $19.50 postpaid. Master tailors re-cut and re-shape coat collar and lapels to modern single-breasted styling (shawl collars on tux $4.50 extra). Coats made larger or smaller if desired. Satisfaction guaranteed. Write for FREE details or send coat and check today.

*Master Tailors Since 1920*

**ROGERS TAILORING CO.**
Dept. PB-12, 821 Prospect Ave., Cleveland, Ohio

GIVE **PLAYBOY**
FOR CHRISTMAS



**SPORTS CAR JEWELRY**

Distinctive gifts for sports car enthusiasts are these accurate reproductions of your favorite sports cars in handsome Sterling Silver.

*Available now*

MG-TC
Jaguar XK-120M
Mercer
Bugatti 35B
Austin Healey 100
Triumph T.R. 2
Porsche Coupe
Volkswagen

Cuff Links . . . $8.50
Tie Bar . . . . . $5.50
Ladies Pin . . . $3.85
Prices include tax

*No C.O.D.'s please*

**ERFFMEYER & SON CO., INC.**
246-250 Plankinton Bldg., Milwaukee 3, Wisc.


do anything specifically different, it was left a small mystery.

When some of the older boys said that they had seen Miss Maple driving like a bat out of hell down the gulf highway at two in the morning, they were quickly silenced: for such a thing was too absurd for consideration.

But all were agreed that Miss Maple certainly looked happier than she had ever been; and it was attributed to her victory over the press and the principal's wishes on the matter of sex education.

To Owen Tracy, it was a distasteful subject for conversation all the way around. He was in full agreement with the members of the school board that progress at Overton would begin only when Miss Maple was removed, but he could not say this openly. "She's a first class teacher, gentlemen, and first class teachers are hard to find . . ." And furthermore, she could break Lorraine Bond's heart by spreading her vicious gossip. Which she wouldn't hesitate to do . . .

As for Miss Maple, she adjusted magnificently to a complicated situation. She would hear the music of the pipes and go to them, yet she would never believe in them. It was all fantastic, and fantasy had no place in her life. She would awaken each morning satisfied that she had had another dream; then — wondering vaguely about the spattered mud on her leg, about the grass stains and bits of leaves and fresh twigs in her hair — she would forget it and go about her business.

She did so fiercely, almost with abandon. She had power now. Power to scrape the scandalous barnacles away, with whatever instrument she chose.

It was on a Monday — the night of the day that she had assembled positive proof that Willie Hammacher and Rosalia Forbes were cutting classes together and stealing away to Dauphin Park; and submitted this proof; and had Willie and Rosalia threatened with expulsion from school — that Miss Maple scented her body with perfumes, lay down and waited, again, for the music.

She waited, tremulous as usual, aching beneath the temporary sheets.

But the air was still.

He's late, a part of her thought, and she tried to sleep. Often she would sit up, though, certain that she had heard the sound; and once she got halfway across the room toward the closet; and sleep was impossible.

She stared at the ceiling until 3:00 A.M., listening.

Then she rose and dressed and got into her car.

She went to the grove.

She stood under the crescent moon, under the bruised sky. And heard the wind, her heart; owls high in the trees;

**WORLD'S MOST MODERN LIGHTER**

A distinctive, imported gift for any occasion

A wave of the hand instantly creates an odorless, smokeless flame by catalytic action. WINDPROOF—air lights it so air can't blow it out! No moving parts to break or wear out. Featherweight—weighs less than 1 oz. Precision made in Germany. Beautifully *gift* packaged and unconditionally guaranteed. Shipped postpaid by return mail with reserve cartridge and fluid supply. Only $3.95 each.

**FOELLER COMPANY**
Dept. GV, 1716 Deckner Ave. Green Bay, Wis.

For Men of Good Taste

**The Flying Jodhpur**

**$18.00**

*Satisfaction Guaranteed*

*Free Literature Upon Request*

Soft as a glove, comfortable, yet fully leather-lined. Expertly benchmade of superb quality leather. Cordovan Brown, Black or Tan. Sizes 5 to 13. Give size and width when ordering.

**NAVARRO BROTHERS**
Dept. Y 204 San Francisco St., El Paso, Texas

**novel gift**

*Sure To Please*

Tantalizing, fresh, beautifully gift-wrapped New York Kosher meat delicacies. Attractively priced. Gift card included.

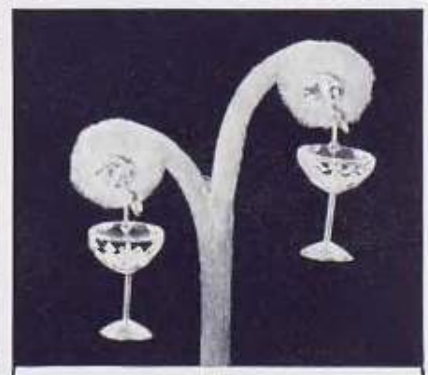
ALL NEW YORK KOSHER

Salami . . . . . 2 lb. $3.25
Smoked Turkey . . . . . av. 10 to 20 lbs. lb. $1.75
Heat 'n Serve Pastrami av. 1 to 5 lb. lb. $2.50

Price includes postage anywhere in U.S.A. Check or Money Order. Send for Illus. Folder.

**FOOD SNACKS CO. (Dist.)**
15 Edgewood Ave., Clifton, N. J.

GIVE PLAYBOY
for a cool yule



**AN EYEFUL EARFUL**

Miniature champagne glass earrings in shimmering, sparkling genuine hand-cut crystal on sterling silver base. Just the thing for an unusual Xmas present. Gift boxed. Just $8.95, taxes and mailing included. Send check or money order to **Coronet Jewelers, Albany Hotel, Denver, Colorado. Satisfaction guaranteed.**

the shifting currents of the stream: and heard the forest quiet.

"Where are you?" she whispered.

Silence.

"I'm here," she whispered.

Then, she heard the chuckling. It was cruel and hearty, without mirth.

She ran to the middle of the grove.

The laughter came from the trees, to the right. She ran to it. It disappeared. It came again, from the trees, to the left.

Miss Maple put her hands to her breasts and knew fear. "Don't," she said. "Please, don't." The aching and awful heat were in her. "Come to me. I want —"

*You want —?*

"Yes!"

*What is it that you want, Miss Maple?*

She looked up, feeling the hot salt tears streaming down her face, hearing the mocking voice inside her heart.

"You!" she whispered.

There was a pause; then, slowly, the effluvium drifted toward her: the thick smell of wild things, lost and dead things, things that could not exist.

*Do you know what you're saying, Miss Maple?*

She reached out and fancied she could touch the strong-thewed back. "I know, of course — yes, I know! Don't torture me —"

The chuckle rose from the invisible space before and around her.

*Do you think it's nice for a lady to suggest such things?*

"I don't care. I must have it. I need it, don't you understand?"

*I understand perfectly, Miss Maple.*

"Then, please!" She sank to the shadowed grass floor in the familiar dell. "Please."

*You never learn, do you, Miss Maple? You come to me with your scented flesh and your cries of yes and you accept me without a qualm . . . then you go back and deny my existence and frustrate and impede my spirit.*

Breath seemed to compress in her lungs: she felt she could not live another moment.

*Very well. I may give you what you ask just once more. But there is a price. Are you willing to pay this price?*

"Yes. Anything!"

*I warn you, you may regret it afterwards . . .*

"I don't care."

The heavy animal odor, the rich fur smell came closer to her. *You're quite sure?*

"Yes!"

And then it was upon her, and she felt its power and its strength: one contemptuous, brutal, blinding instant and it was over . . .

Then she was alone, and it was still, but for the beating of her heart.

There was one more sound. A deep sardonic vengeful laugh, that pierced her heart like a knife. Then it faded. And everything was suddenly very quiet.

Miss Maple looked down and became aware that she was Miss Maple, 32, teacher of biology at Overton High.

"Where are you?" she cried.

The wind was cold upon her. Her feet were cold among the grasses.

There was no one in the wood now but herself.

Miss Maple put her face against the tree and wept for the first time in many years.

• • •

She went to the grove the following night, and the night after that and the next night. But it had truly been *just once more*. What it was, or who it was, that played the pipes so sweetly in the wooded place, would play no more. The music was gone. And it gave her much pain for many hours, and sleep was difficult, but there was nothing to be done.

Her body considered seeking out someone in the town, but her mind rejected the notion. What good was a man when she had been loved by a god?

In her dreams, she realized this.

The music, the dancing, the fire, the feel of strong arms about her; and the animal smell . . . a god.

Then she forgot, and even the dreams vanished.

She went to her work with renewed vigor, applauding purity, casting out the impure, holding the Beast of Worldliness outside the gates of Overton. In her quiet way, she put together certain information on the conduct of principal Owen Tracy and the Lit. I teacher, Lorraine Bond, and drafted a fine plan for the dismissal of both.

And she most certainly would have carried it through, if a strange thing had not happened.

It happened slowly and in small ways.

Miss Maple began to put on considerable weight. Then, although she had never cared for any form of alcoholic beverage, she desperately wanted a glass of wine.

And a plate of grass, nice green grass, would taste wonderful . . .

She went to a physician, listened to what he had to say, swore him to secrecy, and came home. She remembered the voice in the grove — *There is a price* — and she tried to scream, but she could not scream.

She could only feel the silent terror within her. Growing.

No one ever did find out why Miss Maple moved away from Sand Hill in such a hurry, or where she went, or what happened to her afterwards.

But, then, nobody cared.

American & European
ANTIQUE GUNS
SWORDS, DAGGERS, PISTOLS, CANNONS, RIFLES, CAP & BALLS and DUELLERS
for sale in our 204 page Catalog-Reference Book.
Over 1500 hard-to-find items.
PHOTO-ILLUSTRATED
Completely described and priced.
Colts, Remingtons, Derringers, Martials, Maces, Blunderbusses, Flasks, and many other items.
Send $1. for this valuable book.
(Refunded with first purchase)
the Museum of Historical Arms
Dept. P 1038 ALTON ROAD, MIAMI BEACH, FLA.

GIFT GIVING MADE EASY:
A SUBSCRIPTION TO PLAYBOY

**Compact TRAV-L-BAR GOES WHERE YOU GO!**

Saves time, temper and tips in hotels and trains—helps prevent frostbite at outdoor sports events—just the thing for patio, game room, office, den or boat. Slim and trim, just 4" x 7¾" x 12½", in luggage tan Surtex. Two compartments for your favorite pick-me-ups, fitted with four 2 oz. shot glasses of unbreakable polyethylene, chrome plated mixing spoon, combination opener, bone-handled corkscrew. An eye-opener gift for the man who has everything. $12.95 ppd. RICH PRODUCTS CO., Dept. P12, 1326 Dobson Street, Evanston, Illinois.

ENTER your PLAYBOY gift subscriptions on this convenient order form. Print plainly and include your own name and address at the bottom of the page. You can also enter a subscription for yourself at these specially reduced holiday rates by simply checking the box below your name. If any of these subscriptions are renewals, please specify—otherwise check as new subscriptions. Include a check or money-order for the proper amount or, if you prefer, "charge it" and we will gladly bill you later. Mail your gift list in the handy, postage-paid reply envelope attached and —to make certain your gift subscriptions begin before Christmas—why don't you get your list in the mail *today*?

**first 1 year gift $6**

**add'l 1 year gifts $4**

**Please send a PLAYBOY gift subscription to:**
Name_____
Address_____
City_____ Zone____ State____
Gift card to read from_____

**Please send a PLAYBOY gift subscription to:**
Name_____
Address_____
City_____ Zone____ State____
Gift card to read from_____

**Please send a PLAYBOY gift subscription to:**
Name_____
Address_____
City_____ Zone____ State____
Gift card to read from_____

**Please send a PLAYBOY gift subscription to:**
Name_____
Address_____
City_____ Zone____ State____
Gift card to read from_____

**Please send a PLAYBOY gift subscription to:**
Name_____
Address_____
City_____ Zone____ State____
Gift card to read from_____

**Please send a PLAYBOY gift subscription to:**
Name_____
Address_____
City_____ Zone____ State____
Gift card to read from_____

**Please send a PLAYBOY gift subscription to:**
Name_____
Address_____
City_____ Zone____ State____
Gift card to read from_____

**Please send a PLAYBOY gift subscription to:**
Name_____
Address_____
City_____ Zone____ State____
Gift card to read from_____

**Please send a PLAYBOY gift subscription to:**
Name_____
Address_____
City_____ Zone____ State____
Gift card to read from_____

**Please send a PLAYBOY gift subscription to:**
Name_____
Address_____
City_____ Zone____ State____
Gift card to read from_____

**YOUR NAME**_____

**ADDRESS**_____

**CITY**_____ **ZONE**_____ **STATE**_____

☐ Please send me a year of PLAYBOY at these special rates.
☐ All new subscriptions ☐ Renewals

**Total number of subscriptions**_____ **$**_____ **enclosed** ☐ **Bill me later**

**Enter additional subscriptions on a separate sheet of paper, and send to PLAYBOY, 232 E. Ohio St., Chicago 11, Illinois.**

# Give PLAYBOY For Christmas

## at these specially reduced holiday rates

**first 1 year gift $6  add'l 1 year gifts $4**

BABS AND SHIRLEY are giving PLAYBOY to every man on their Christmas gift list. They know that a PLAYBOY gift subscription is really twelve gifts in one — a year-long reminder of their thoughtfulness.

A beautiful, full-color card, personalized with their names, will go out to each and every one of their friends announcing the gifts . . . and the subscriptions will all begin with the big, fun-filled Holiday Issue. Then — for the next dozen months — those lucky fellows will be entertained by the finest in masculine fiction, sophisticated cartoons, articles on food, drink, fashion, travel and jazz, full-color picture stories, humor, jokes, quizzes, limericks and all the other special features that have made PLAYBOY the most popular quality priced (50c or over) men's magazine in America.

Both Babs and Shirley are bright enough to know that PLAYBOY gift giving is wonderfully easy — there are no crowds to struggle through — no sizes or colors to puzzle over — and you just can't choose a gift any man will appreciate more.

Why don't you take a tip from these two clever chicks? All you have to do is fill out the convenient order form on the facing page. A postage-paid reply envelope is attached for your convenience; you can enclose a check or money order if you like — or we'll be glad to bill you after the 1st of the year. That's all there is to it — PLAYBOY does the rest. And while you're at it, why don't you enter a subscription for *yourself* at these specially reduced Holiday Rates?

## NEXT MONTH

**PLAYBOY'S HANDSOME HOLIDAY ISSUE . . .** Including THE PLAYMATE REVIEW, with a full year of Playmates together in one feature . . . new fiction by RAY BRADBURY and JOHN COLLIER . . . drawings by PICASSO never before published in the U. S. . . . plus a host of cartoons, articles, jokes and other entertaining features.

# Make friends with WINSTON

## Enjoy finer filter smoking!

Find out how *good* filter smoking can be! Make your next pack Winston! You'll like the *flavor*, because it's full and rich-tasting. And just as important — you'll like the exclusive Winston *filter* that lets the flavor come through for you to enjoy. Try Winston for *finer* filter smoking.

Switch to **WINSTON** America's best-selling, best-tasting filter cigarette!